MOODS OF LIFE

ARTHUR LYNCH

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MOODS OF LIFE

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MOODS OF LIFE

Popular Psychological Studies of Affairs of Every Day

By

ARTHUR LYNCH

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To
THE YOUTH OF THE BRITISH
AND AMERICAN NATIONS

PREFACE

HERE I have collected a series of little philosophical studies of topics of everyday life. There are fifty-two essays—one for each week of the year, and seven—one for each day of the week—" Bents of Mind."

They are part of the fruit of my studies in psychology, but I have been inclined rather to hide their origin and to immerse them in an atmosphere of the world of affairs, into which we are, most of us, plunged. They are written in a somewhat didactic manner, because I had in view young, fresh minds, responsive to stimulation. Those of greater experience whose set of dogmas is complete either know more than I, or are less likely to be affected by opinions.

If there be amongst the wise and experienced some whose spirits are still plastic and apprehensive, I feel that they will pardon me for being at times emphatic or sententious.

I fare forth boldly, therefore, because the

general tone of these plain homilies is optimistic, not with the optimism either of enthusiasm or of pretence, but rather with the sage feeling that if we, each of us, try to do our best, we will find our efforts well tallied in the great ordering of the world.

A. L.

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MOODS OF LIFE

INTRODUCTION

LIFE is magical. To be alive, to feel, to see in every object that lies about not a dull, circumscribed mass, but something that on light wings can carry our thoughts afar; to know that—there!—we can steer out towards the infinite, or feel again trembling on the nerves and warming in the heart tender affections, visions, deep love—all this seems to me wonderful.

Life is a great adventure. In being born we have already, even without our consent, done something that demanded courage. What! To take our place on a little island in space, to be whirled about the sun and the stars, to enter upon a journey we know not whither, and where we must seek ever. Why?—to have one great opportunity of meeting realities, of finding ourselves. Yes, that is marvellous.

It does not always so appear. That is in part because our senses are dulled by the daily round of the workaday world; we are apt to lose the joy of life and miss in the struggle to live at all the meaning of being. It is well, therefore, to keep our windows clear, opening up to fine perspectives of life,

pleasing, bright, or entrancing beyond our ordinary day.

The lives of men who have accomplished great things, who have won brilliant success, teach us lessons, animate what is best in us of ambition. These examples are few. But then we find also that the lives of all men, looked at closely and with understanding, are interesting.

Even the life of an ant, or a spider, or a wasp, may be made fascinating if, by some great naturalist or writer of genius—Fabre in France, Grant Allen in England, or John Burroughs in America—we are shown what to observe, taught to know the purpose of each movement, to feel how much of energy, of design, of courage may be brought to play in the little lives whose span is numbered in hours.

Therefore, again, how much more wonderful human beings, if we could only understand.

Idealism and Reality

If life has any meaning at all—and most of us believe that it has a deep meaning and purport—then every one of our acts tells. We feel responsibility, and we listen to the voice of conscience. We do not measure success merely by our personal triumphs, still less by our material satisfaction.

Responsibility? Yes, but we must not be overweighted with responsibility.

If we do the best according to our nature, with cheerfulness and good spirit, we may leave the account to be summed up in ledgers beyond our ken.

Most of the grave philosophers who have discoursed of life—whether of the Jeremy Taylor of the

"Holy Living" and "Holy Dying" type, or Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus," deriving over-forced doctrines from the cloudy realm of German metaphysics, or Ruskin with the pretty insipidities of "Sesame and Lilies"—these have all given an undue warping to the sense of conduct of the normal being.

Our ideal should rest on reality. It should be something within our compass, something attainable by the efforts of fallible man.

Some of the great thinkers have so pondered on the mystery and the responsibilities of life as to lose the freshness of their own lives; and then they seek to impose upon all others the mood of their sore distraught imaginings.

At one time, and in certain places even now, laughter was thought to be wicked, and joy a snare of the devil.

What! laugh? When you stand amidst two eternities, when all around is change and decay and mystery, where life is short and where death may come at any hour, and when you reflect that the faculties that have been given you have descended through the ages of generations who have lived to do the will of God!

Let us assert the plain, honest man. Yes, these things are mysterious and wonderful, but so is laughter. Is it not marvellous that this light and delicate play has survived the wrecks of empires and the passing of generations, and that, like a cordial wine, it comes to cheer us and brighten us even for new tasks? Is not laughter one of the great gifts of God, and is it not wicked to refuse to accept it?

Life for Life's Sake

Life should not be represented like a solemn and depressing tragedy; life should be played rather like a game. Here I will have, I know, the severe ethical teachers on my track, seeking with lethal weapons of horror and indignation to slay me. I will meet them, and not as one who craves indulgence for a lower standard.

I will demand their authority and their results.

When I say a game I do not mean something useless and frivolous. Frivolous! When I read of a champion batsman going to the wicket trembling like a sinner lest he should not do justice to the great cause—and for that reason verifying his worst forebodings—and when I see solemnly cabled all through the thousands of miles that separate Australia from England that it was off the third ball of the fifth over from Dibbs that Stibbs glanced for two in the slips! Or that Bobbie Snip, the amateur golfer, had sliced his ball into a mud puddle at the fifth hole! All the heirs of all the ages, all the geniuses have been communing in holy vigils with Nature to win the secrets of science; and such are the facts we learn.

When I say a game I mean something played with spirit and good humour and in full possession of one's self, not so seriously as to depress the faculties or damp the courage of the man.

As the phrase ran, Art for Art's sake, we might say in a larger scope, Life for Life's sake.

That is to say, we must try to make the best of our chance to return the final sum of a rounded and complete existence.

Precepts and Realities

Goody-goody books, and even those of a higher class, like Smiles's " Self-Help," which did much to mould the mind of a generation, are apt to make of " success " the great aim in life, and to paint that success in terms of material gain.

Hogarth's Industrious Apprentice finishes in his carriage, a sleek person with mutton-chop whiskers and a smile of smug satisfaction. He has been able finally to renounce work, and to become all that is respectable, with the particular privilege added of passing judgment on his fellow man. In a lighter vein Sir Joseph Porter ascended. " I polished that handle so carefully that now I am the ruler of the King's Navee."

The orthodox moralist tells us that all these blessed consummations have been attained by the observance of the meek and mild virtues and the subjection of the soul to the pious precepts of the copy-book headlines.

If this were entirely true I do not know that we should gain pleasure from the fact. In the teachings of most of the moralists there appears a veneer of hypocrisy and an atmosphere as of something not quite wholesome, not vital and pure.

I have seen before my eyes many men rise to dizzy heights, and in many spheres; and in few of them have I noted the Christian virtues in their beauty, nor observed as conspicuous the rules of self-abnegation, or even of honesty or consistent principle.

If one could throw a searchlight to the foundations of their character, and if we could espy the real driving motives, we would in nearly all find more

than a tincture of self; we would find not the lauded principles, but motives that nevertheless gave the sense of grit and sinew and fighting quality; and we would see that in the stress of the conflict principle was the attribute most readily jettisoned.

I do not mean here to be cynical, or to discourage others; quite the contrary. What I desire to bring out is that as precepts should be a guide to life, and their observance a kind of moral training, these precepts should themselves be able to stand the test of realities.

When a boxer is trained for a fight, the object sought is to strengthen his faculties and to prepare him for all the tests that he has to meet. What merit would there be in feeding him on ginger-bread and dope, in nursing him on lies, and representing the incidents that await him in an absurd and fantastic light?

This is what is done continually in our moralities, and particularly in the picturing of that insipid, false and therefore dangerous and wicked world which is offered to young girls in their preparation for life.

Recently I have read the story of Princess Louise of Belgium, which shows the deceptions that may await even those whose lives are most protected. With unusual frankness she departs from the rose-coloured pictures of life in a royal court, and lays bare the ghastly results of the ignorance, the hypocrisy and conventional pietism which were thought a good preparation for her life as a woman.

Again and again, be it said, we must face realities. It is useless for each of us to try to create a world to his liking, for the great act of creation has already

taken place, and our own imaginations are always petty and partial compared to the world as it is. Even our highest spirituality, our most devoted idealism, will be found, if it be not based on truth, inferior to the reality. Without the truth idealism is a false shoot destined to wither and die. The truth is a counsellor that is always consistent with itself, and the only one of whom that can be said.

Reality does not necessarily mean anything sensual, or bound to a low materialism. It has been the fault of some of the so-called realistic writers that they have not been real. They have forced our attention to the sordid side of life, and it is well that we should know that aspect of things; but we want a sane, clear vision that can look at life whole and without disguise throughout its whole scope.

We should wish to see all things in due order. Luckily we can rise from low details to the contemplation of fine deeds, silent devotion to great ideals, the incessant aspiration of the mind towards a greater, larger, freer world than that where petty conditions cramp our growth.

The Meaning of Success

Then we can turn to look on success without being dazzled.

What is success? Success in what?

Was Sócrates a failure when he drank the hemlock? Was Wolfe an object of contempt when he fell on the heights of Quebec? No, you reply, for his cause triumphed.

We arrive then at other standards of success than such as can be measured in the accounts of a ledger,

or estimated by the faculty of wearing costly vestments or faring sumptuously on four meals a day.

And if that be so, was not Galileo successful, though he ended his life as a prisoner, and though the Inquisition derided his work? His cause was destined to triumph, though the triumph was not expressed in the pride and pomp of military power, nor of howdahed elephants, nor liveried servants in a marble hall.

Keats died obscure and almost unknown at the age of twenty-five, after sending forth the strains of his poetry, winged with divine inspiration. Was he a failure?

Mendel, whose theory of heredity is the cornerstone of the modern development of biology, found only one biologist of eminence to read his paper during his lifetime—one who made light of his researches. Was Mendel's a wasted life?

No, I think not. It is a great thing to have accomplished some real work, something that stands the test, something that endures in human history, and to have felt in the sense of that greatness the motive and, occasionally, the sole payment.

"Virtue is its own reward." That is a phrase used often in irony. I thought at one time that it expressed in epigrammatic form the ineffective consolation of failure; I have come to see that the words state a simple and acceptable truth.

Applause, fame, good repute, power, wealth, all these may reward inferior performance; if they follow virtue, so much the better. But the great thing is to possess a mind that finds its pleasure, if you will, in setting itself to the right ends.

And again what is success? I met a remarkable personage who had gained most things that a political career offers—wealth, honours, power.

He was a man of no principles and few scruples. He was a paragon of success in the world.

His flesh was flabby, he panted as he marched about the room, his heart laboured ineffectively, his complexion spoke of evil days and strenuous nights. Our successful man was haunted to his grave by these reminders of a misspent life.

Success? Nature knows neither titles nor vanities; there is no Burke's Peerage in heaven, nor table of precedence at the Judgment Seat. There is no mercy in Nature, but justice, unerring, inevitable justice. There you have a terrible fact, which in the end becomes a consolation, the deepest and most abiding of all the forms of faith.

I do not disrate success. I like the spirit of Pasteur, who was determined to do good work, but resolved also to win recognition. I rather suspect that attitudinizing style of the weak man, the man who swerves under the whip, and who cries: " 'Tis not in mortals to command success." That saying is true, but it should not be facile on the lips.

We should have a scale of excellence; we want new standards.

I will not elaborate this idea now, but this much can be said. In every circumstance energy is excellent, sympathy is a gift of the gods, and truth is the most sacred principle of all.

The Failure of Imitation

An essential in life worth living is to be one's self.

Choose good models for study, if you please, but do not imitate.

I remember a man telling me that he had copied the style of a great runner till he "had it to perfection."

But the fact that he had copied, even to perfection, prevented him ever reaching the first flight. The style of a man, especially a man of genius, is something very personal. It utilizes and throws into relief the strong points of his qualities while it masks his weak points. It is therefore to some degree determined by his weak points. The man who imitated the wonderful, witching, graceful style of Frank Hewitt's running was bound to be inferior unless his build happened to be identical, and unless he had practised through the years the movements that best brought out the harmonious blending of form.

The pupils of a great painter reproduce something of the manner of the master, but one feels the lack of inspiration. By dint of imitation also they exaggerate the mannerisms that depend on the defects of the original.

And so it is in the moral world. The young men who wore Byronic collars have not left anything that compares very well with Childe Harold or Don Juan; and the more serious students of the North who, smitten by the greatness of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," imitated the peculiarities, even the provincialisms of speech, of the master, have not shaken the world with their political economies.

The House of Commons manner used to be for me a constant source of amusement and deep pondering solicitude. A tradition of great representative

statesmen seems to have impressed upon that assembly the imprint of a certain character. The attempt to realize that character produced the House of Commons manner. It consisted of an effort to hide one's personality behind a certain formalism tempered by official politeness and an improbable show of modesty.

There may at one time have been a great statesman with authority enough to be polite and concessive without condescension, and with high-mindedness sufficient to make him sink his individual claim in that of the national interest. If so, I can imagine the charm that would emanate from his personality.

Yet I used to laugh when I observed certain types, the vulgar, self-assertive type, or the intolerant man of rasping style, advancing to the table with mincing steps, delivering the reply to questions with affected mildness and fluted voice.

Generation after generation of Cabinet Ministers have done their best to represent themselves as a kind of animated foolscap tied in red tape; and yet, such is the force of nature in all of us, it was only in moments when they forgot that rôle and showed the man underneath that they became interesting and likeable.

I say, then, be yourself. If you are claret, do not pretend to be champagne. A time will come when claret will be asked for, and then without affectation you can shine in your own quality.

A man who dares not be himself seems to me to be working for someone else, even though it be an abstraction. He has only one life, and he spends that in the service of something that is not real.

This is only excusable if, by striving for something better but attainable, he can gradually develop his own character on better lines. But in that case we would use a gentler and more encouraging word than pretence.

Main Guiding Lines

The setting up of true standards, the search for guidance in life, these are difficult problems. They form the theme of all the treatises of ethics since the beginning of literature, and no quite convincing work has yet been produced.

In the man's individual life the grand lines of guidance begin to appear with the development of his natural character.

He should resolve to be himself, and to express himself, in as far as his desires and ambitions are reconcilable with his obligation to others and with the best development of the State. That is to say, simply, while endeavouring to round out his personality he should aim at being a good citizen.

Here it is that psychology comes into play, for psychology should be regarded as the basis of ethics.

In seeking our way in the world of desires and of duties we are led to the questions as to what are our ultimate motives, and what are the foundations of our belief and the guarantees of our reason.

Psychology, in giving the answer to such questions, throws a flood of light at the same time on man's mental constitution, and thence on his relation to others in society.

I will not enter further into this question here, for a full discussion would lead to the study of

intricate matters which are, or should be, dealt with in scientific studies of psychology and of ethics.[1]

Certain principles of guidance, however, seem to arise when we look at the main lines of human development.

We must have truth, for that finally means the principle on which the whole universe has been built. There should never arise a pretext, or even a high spiritual aspiration, contrary to truth. There is something puny and ridiculous in the idea that a better world can be constructed on shams and lies than that which God has already made. I have said this before, but there is no harm in insisting. The only atheism is the denial of truth.

Then courage is essential to a life worth living. For of what use is it to have gifts or talents if the man has not faith in them, nor energy nor courage to give them play and to bring them to their proper development.

Then sympathy is no less a mark of a good character. That is the quality that enables us to place ourselves in the position of others and to understand their feelings, and hence to appreciate our own part in the community. Sympathy! To many that word has a feeble sound. It seems to them the indication of a weak or effeminate character. The struggle for life, they cry, the survival of the fittest, are slogans that come with the real masculine ring! Those who advocate these ideas are often the neurotic types who

[1] I treat these questions in "Psychology: A New System," "Principles of Psychology," and in a forthcoming work, "Principles of Ethics."

compensate in literary truculence for the lack of tone of their fibres. To use these phrases in the sense of excluding sympathy is not to put Darwinism into practice, but simply to misinterpret its meaning.

As civilization develops we see more and more clearly that what makes the strength of a nation is not brutish violence, but that the strongest motives and the most enduring ties are those that form round images of beauty and fine feelings of affection. That is one of the leading thoughts running through the poetry of Keats.

Life's Minor Tactics

There is a time, and that when the mind is most impressionable, when the thoughts are vague and the future a dream, but when the aspirations shoot out into searchings and yearnings and the instincts fight for expansion in the growth of character. In the after world these aspirations and instincts become transmuted, as it were, into thoughts for the guidance of daily life and will-power devoted to immediate affairs.

Then come into play the minor tactics of life. The mariner who has been guiding his course by the stars and the compass has now to pick his way amid the shoals or to thrash out to sea to double the cape.

This is the phase to which many of the essays that follow apply. They are the result of experience and thought in the matters on which they touch; they breathe of courage and energy and hope.

I have rather looked askance at a high-flown, evaporated idealism; not that I think cynically of

ideals, but because I wish to see them all brought to the test of reality.

Fine emotion, noble aspiration, are admirable, but their worth is to be found when the fluent promises of the soul are brought to the hard standard of payment by endurance and effort. It often happens that the characters who are most prolific of high sentiments are those that wince and swerve under the whip of the plain duties of everyday life.

What therefore I have sought to offer for the pilgrimage of life is less the liquor that stimulates to enthusiasm than the clean fare that gives strength to endure the toils, the fatigues, the hours of stress.

Every one in his quality, if he be honest and sincere, justifies himself. He can say tacitly to his Creator, while working in truth: "You made me so; here I am." That is a confession and prayer that will carry him through.

He may be sure that his effort has its meaning, and that it helps, truly judged on its worth, to round out to the mysterious harmony of the great All of life.

THE ART OF LIFE

LIFE is magical. There is something wonderful in being alive, in having within one's self all sorts of possibilities, each one of which may be a new discovery, and then to face the world of experiences coming out of the unknown.

We look on a piece of music, a picture, a base-ball game, or a boat-race, as having a sort of rounded completeness. It has been worth the preparation; the contest keeps us full of interest; finally the recollection remains as something added to our treasures of thought.

But why not conceive of the whole of life in this spirit? It should be greater than any of these.

Life asks for a preparation as complete as we can afford; the great contest should be fought with spirit but with good temper always; we should never think the game lost while it is still going; and finally we should have the satisfaction of quitting the field able to say: I did my best.

This philosophy refers not only to the lives of the great or the privileged of earth. It may sound at first a little difficult to apply to a day labourer toiling to make a bare living, or to a young lady steno-

grapher who returns home tired every night. It is possible, however, to rise out of these surroundings. The great thing is to have a purpose, or what we might call an ideal, if that term be considered as not too vapoury and high in the air. The ideal should be within the power of attainment.

George Stephenson, who has been called the Father of the Railway, began life as a pit boy. Herschel, the first astronomer of that name, was a member of a German band. Nothing could seem more remote from the great work of discovery in the skies which he accomplished; but he had an ideal in view, and with unwearied perseverance he strove to realize it. He used to spend his leisure hours making his reflecting telescope which he afterwards employed so brilliantly. Examples of this sort can be multiplied at will.

The ideal should not be selfish; it should be something "not me," something to which we pay a sort of homage of admiration, something which carries the good will and affection of others.

This is not to be found in many. I once had a remarkable conversation with a multi-millionaire who was then a very old man. He had no ideas, no tastes, no ambitions that were not part and parcel of money-making. He died soon afterwards: his name is forgotten.

Had he lived well? Had he been a success? Had he mastered the art of life? No. I find now a sad pleasure in writing as his best epitaph: His name is forgotten.

It is usual in books that discourse of "Self Help" or of "Character" to cite examples of famous men.

The best excuse, perhaps, is that, these names being well known, the object-lesson becomes conspicuous. Power and wealth, however, do not mean happiness; they may not even imply greatness.

Nature, that looks down on all living things from her heights, is not interested in titles or bank accounts. She is enormously interested in the blood, in the nerves, and in the fibres. There in their health are the rich sources of energy.

Once upon a time I used to pass every Saturday night along Bishop's Road, in Paddington, where washerwomen after their week's toil used to assemble and drink beer. After that they fell to insulting, challenging, and slanging each other two by two. I confess I was a little uneasy at first, but at length I recognized that this was their delight, their recreation, their poetry. Week by week they looked forward to this, and their sarcasms and retorts were like the strophe and antistrophe of a Greek play.

The picture became dear to me. If ever depressed I said to myself: "Caitiff, who talks of purposes; what wretched devotion do you pay to these, if they become stale and insipid, when these good washerwomen find such vivacity and zest in their simple homely game!"

No, no. Do not envy the famous people for their show and state; envy those whose blood is rich and whose nerves are firm.

Milton, in his dramatic poem, "Samson Agonistes," draws a terrible picture of the sad destinies of many of the most highly endowed men whom the world has seen.

Yes, but if a man has directed his course to great ends there is compensation even in ruin, and in martyrdom a glory. The death of Nelson, the death of Danton, the death of Lincoln, add the touch of dramatic intensity to the lesson of their lives.

SEIZING THE ESSENTIALS

IN the art of life the first step should be to determine your "objective" or aim, and to mark out, even if roughly and tentatively, the main lines of action. Get hold of the essentials. Then, if you can, master all the details and round them off to harmonious perfection. But in the first place, and above all, make sure of the essentials.

This is a little philosophy that strikes extraordinarily deep and has very varied applications. Let us begin with big examples first. When Marshal Foch was planning the strategy by which he beat the Germans, he thought in terms of the main lines of action, and so he expressed himself in language that had a familiar ring. Thus he said on one occasion: "The Germans are coming down this corridor (indicating geographical features that hemmed them in). Now you, General X, push them up here. You, General Y, slam this door and hold it tight."

It is often the mark of a master of a subject that he can speak in such terms; if he be unable to do so, it generally means that he has not a clear and commanding view of the matter.

When an engineer is laying out a railway line, for example, there are certain conditions which he must observe, and these are his fixed data. Thus he must not exceed a certain steepness of grading. Consistent with these data, he exerts his ingenuity to make his line as short and inexpensive as possible. There is great scope here, no doubt, but the main thing is to achieve the construction within the specifications.

If an ambulance driver finds a wounded soldier bleeding to death on the field, and he has not at hand a patent tourniquet to apply to the severed artery, then he must use whatever he can find—a button, or a pebble, tied on by anything that will serve as a ligature. I am reminded of this by a story told me by a medical man of a soldier who bled to death while being conveyed in a cart to the nearest hospital, because though a tourniquet had been applied which looked all right on a superficial view, it was not pressing on the artery.

If the Secretary to the Treasury must find a vast sum of money in time of war, and if one man say that the task is hopeless because there is no adequate source of revenue, and another propose some bold but feasible scheme, this second is the man for the job.

There is a story of a learned professor who, at a picnic on a river, was telling of all he knew, and pitying his hearers who did not share his knowledge. "You have missed half your life!" he used to remark. He fell overboard, and the boatman asked him if he knew how to swim. He shook his head, and the boatman cried: "You have missed all your

life." In such circumstances swimming was the essential.

If you are making a pair of boots, or planning a house, or preparing a dinner, there are all sorts of ways of doing the business artistically; but this is useless unless the essential in each case is secured. So it is with life. Have a picture before you of your career, embellish it with all the fairy tales you like, but in any case make sure of the essentials.

WILL-POWER

AMONG the essentials that should be held in the campaign of life the most important are not the external things, but rather the faculties with which we have been endowed and the powers which we can cultivate.

Therefore I should say to the young aspirant: Secure will-power! The advice may be difficult to follow, for the effort itself may require will-power and something more; we should have begun long before with the sage admonition: Carefully select your parents. Choose them from good and healthy stock accustomed to face nature, able to call out when wanted their powers of resistance.

Yet even with the child before us, tumbled in haphazard fashion into the world, something may be done.

Will-power may be cultivated. Will-power must not be thought a quality of which a person has possession in the sense in which he or she possesses a watch or a shilling. Will is better compared to the muscular system in so far as they are both capable of development by education and exercise. Nothing is more important than to be convinced that will can

be trained and that it is our duty to bring it to a suitable degree of efficiency.

Some people are certainly better endowed naturally with will-power than others, just as some have a general muscular strength superior to the average, and this difference shows in the countenance and indeed in the whole physical form.

If we consult psychology we will find that "to will" is really the beginning of "to act." Reflect for a moment on some incident when it was necessary to use will. The object became presented to the mind, with a sense more or less vague of the obstacles that lay in the path. These obstacles occupied only the second place; the mind was fixed upon the goal. Then there was an effort of summoning up the reserves of energy. The body became braced, a tone was sent through the fibres, the eye kindled, the features became more tense, the mouth closed, the muscles of the jaw hardened.

If these experiences be repeated frequently, especially in the case of a growing child, they will at length leave their impress on the form. When an artist has to represent a type of strong will, as for example a character in a novel, he gives him a large chin and a heavy jaw and a tight-shut expression. This is the accepted model.

We must not attach too much importance to these facial signs; we must read them in conjunction with other indications.

Will in its development gains by being fed, and the nourishment of will is success. This implies that will should be properly directed, and therefore that the strong, resolute mask should be completed

by the look of intelligence. The other moral qualities which may be brought into evidence are important in this connexion. Low and brutal tastes combined with will-power produce a type that does not fit in with a complex civilization, and except in the direction where the immediate use of force is indicated, the brutal individual is often weak or irresolute.

Nature's indications are always correct. When a mistake is made it is our fault that we do not consider all the factors of a complex case. Even in the decadent type the force of will shows itself in the dislike of appearing weak.

When on the other hand a high purpose sustains a man who is naturally of strong will an impressive figure results. One thinks of the plain but strong form of countenance of Washington, as at Valley Forge, with the jaws closed as if locked by a padlock. Wellington at Waterloo holding his line with dogged tenacity and sending through his troops the spirit that seemed to emanate from his will: that too makes a fine picture.

Of all the types in which the marks of strong will are matched with the signs of a high intellect Napoleon Bonaparte seems to me one of the most striking. His portraits, flattered a little by painter and sculptor, present the classic model in a high degree of perfection.

Napoleon was of a highly emotional character, and this quality contributed to his success. In England admiration is given rather to the "granite" man, to the "strong, silent" type, and among those supposed to incarnate these qualities was Kitchener.

When I first came to London I sought for types

expressing the strong, tenacious bull-dog character, and I fixed on one man I knew in particular. He had all the marks. I soon learned that his stern, stockish look, that admirable immovable expression, which reminded me of the figurehead of a ship, that rock-like solidity, meant nothing else than that he was often "rocking drunk," and that he was holding himself together with two hands. One day he fell off his chair, and since that time my respect for the "strong, silent" type with the iron or wooden look has become more circumspect.

On the other hand, I remember once meeting the celebrated Moltke, the conqueror of France in 1870, and I was surprised to see what a small, wizened countenance he had; the chin was receding rather than prominent.

These contrasts show that a man naturally of strong will-power may be weak and hesitating, unless he be well guided by his intelligence; whereas a man who is assured by clear intelligence that a certain course is the most advisable will press on resolutely.

The famous march of the Ten Thousand Greeks of old as related by Xenophon in the Anabasis is very instructive. They had gone up to Persia to help Cyrus, but Cyrus had died, and they were left remote from home in a hostile country under strange conditions. The stern, strong leaders failed, but as the difficulties grew the soldiers turned almost instinctively to Xenophon, who had come with them on the expedition as a sort of amateur. He remained master of his thinking faculties, and at every crisis his will dominated all the others. At length he led the host

to their native land, and the story has remained for ever famous.

Knowledge aids will. I saw that in South Africa. Many an eager but nervous young soldier became more confident and more resolute as he gained command of his weapons and rode better and learnt the lie of the country.

The will should be trained steadily and day by day. If a boy or a girl say "I will do"—something, no matter what, so long as it is right, the fact that they have said "I will" should be of great importance, and should form itself one of the determining factors. If this practice be followed then the growing youth will reflect before he uses the words "I will"—because he will feel that they are a pledge to action.

Certainly will-power should not be forced in wrong directions, as in the case of the man, cited by Herbert Spencer, who could not digest lobsters, but who insisted on eating them till he got ulcers on the stomach.

Something of real value will be found in the suggestion: the will should be made locomotive, not merely impulsive.

Suppose a boy has started out full of vigour to do a long swim, then after a time feels himself discouraged when he realizes how big is the task; he should rather take the shorter view and say he can get to the next point, and then he should evenly proceed to one farther point, and so on. So with life. We may take long views when laying out the general plan, but not when the difficulties and obstructions seem massed before us. We should cross each bridge as we come to it.

An arctic explorer told me that when becoming exhausted instead of plunging on nervously he rested, then he walked more steadily. He accomplished a difficult task successfully when others more impetuous had succumbed.

Apply this lesson in all circumstances.

COURAGE

WILL-POWER and courage though they go hand in hand as a rule are not necessarily developed to the same degree. It was said, for example, of Stambuloff, the Bulgarian statesman, who helped to build up his country in the days before the Great War, that he was a strong man in the council chamber but not courageous outside.

In will there is more of thought, of circumspection; in courage there is more of the instinct of fighting, more of intensity and fire.

Courage at its highest is a fine rapturous seizure of the soul. It suggests Roland, the Paladin of Charlemagne, fighting the Moors against hundredfold odds. It recalls the charge of the Guards at Waterloo, and the not less heroic spirit of the Old Guard standing before the battering cannon like a wall; it brings the vision of the Six Hundred galloping into the furnace of death.

It is for that reason, for its fierceness and fire and dazzling challenge of fate, for its dancing bravura and dash, that courage is the masculine quality most esteemed by the gentler sex.

I heard a queen say that Richard Cœur de Lion

was her favourite hero of history; and I heard a member of Parliament, even in prosaic days, declare that the quality that he set on high above all others was courage.

Yet there are various forms of courage, just as there are varieties of temperament.

Courage with all its fine masculine ring, the sense of indubitable power, suggests solidity, but courage is really a sensitive quality. I heard a great American-Indian fighter once say: "One shouldn't make too much of courage—everyone has it!" He was thinking of the men he had seen fighting uphill fights and generally winning. I who had lived more than he in the assemblies of men felt my eyebrows rising involuntarily.

Courage is infectious, but at times when a troop of soldiers begins to run it runs with greater momentum than that of any of the individual men. Some of De Wet's heroes in the Boer War would fight like lions on one occasion, and scatter on slight provocation on another.

Napoleon noticed the same spirit among the French, and at St. Helena he spoke of it to Las Cases in referring to Waterloo. The French in defeat "slip through your fingers," he said. Marshal Ney, "the bravest of the brave," one of the heroes of Waterloo, once exclaimed: "Who is the person (he used here a slang word not meant for ears polite) who says he has never known fear?"

During the Great War I knew a man who had several daring feats to his credit. "I was scared all the time," he said, "but I kept on." That is the phrase that characterizes many heroes. Henry IV

once trembled before a battle, and he cried: "You tremble, wretched body? You will tremble a good deal more when you know where I am going to bring you to-day!"

The suspense of a great action is always more difficult to bear than the stress of the fighting itself. I know a young soldier who was terribly afraid that he would feel fear when the guns began to play; he fought like a hero.

Grown men, even veteran soldiers, are sometimes subject to strange attacks of fear. When Cæsar's soldiers were about to fight their decisive battle with the Germans they became scared. Cæsar himself describes them as busying themselves making their wills, the while they wept copiously. He addressed them in an adroit speech, and finally brought them to such a point of resolution that they became invincible.

Phil Sheridan was another of those gifted leaders who have power to send a "magnetic" influence among men. The very fact that he had appeared on the field was sufficient to change a waning defence or even a retreat into a bold attack.

Another point about courage is that it is a respecter not only of time and place but also of manner. A sailor who will astonish us by his coolness and daring afloat will look aghast if he has to ride a horse over a five-foot gate. The Gurkhas, who on the Indian frontier have sometimes shown dauntless courage in attack when the British soldiers were inclined to go cautiously, were the troops who suffered most from shell shock on the Western front.

A captain of the British Army told me that one

of his soldiers was a prize-fighter of great strength and splendid quality in the ring, but he could not command his nerves under heavy fire.

Even Napoleon trembled when the "Five Hundred" of the French Directory, which he dissolved, shouted at him. The peaceful Abbe Siéyès had to encourage him to go on.

In all cases courage may be improved by discipline and exercise, and particularly by familiarity with the elements in which it must be displayed.

One night a French vessel, *Leon XIII*, was driven by a storm on to the coast of Clare in Ireland. She struck the rocks near the little fishing village of Quilty which is situated on the sea-board itself. The storm raged so violently and the sea ran with such fury about the broken rocks between the ship and the shore that it was considered madness to launch the lifeboat.

Now the fishermen of Quilty use very light boats made by stretching tarred canvas on to a simple framework of wood. These boats are so small that they can be easily carried on the back of a man. In these frail crafts they set out to save the crew of the *Leon XIII*. It so happened that in such a sea no other kind of boat would have been of use, but by wonderful skill and courage the fishermen effected the rescue. I saw these heroes after, wishing to congratulate them. They approached me in a diffident sort of manner, hanging their heads a little as if in contrition, and explaining that they couldn't help going!

Napoleon said that the rarest courage was two o'clock in the morning courage, and he claimed some

superiority for himself by asserting that he possessed the right quantity.

Certainly of all the forms that I have beheld the most impressive, beyond even "rapture of the strife," is that of the quiet man who has no need to whip himself into excitement in order to flame his courage.

One case that almost amuses me is that of an Australian boxer, Jim Hall, who when his manager rushed into his room to tell him that his opponent had entered the ring, and that the people were seething with excitement, inquired:

"What is the time?"

"Two minutes to nine," replied the manager breathlessly. Jim Hall, who had been carefully parting his hair at a mirror, finished that operation to his liking, and then descended into the arena. Soon afterwards, fighting with whirlwind speed, he knocked his opponent over the ropes.

This example is not classic, but as St. Athanasius once said when he beheld a painted lady in the streets of Alexandria: "If that woman can take such pains to please sinful men, what should not I to serve God?"

Truly, without courage a man is not himself. Courage should be, as Carlyle said of Teufelsdröck's learning, "There, naturally, and of course."

ENERGY

ENERGY is something distinct from will-power or courage, or even of any combination of these. For example, Wellington said of the Archduke Charles, who commanded the Austrian armies against Napoleon, that he was unequalled in preparing the plan of a battle, but that when it came to the point of realization his energy was generally found to have evaporated. He was a victim of epilepsy, and the strain of the preparations tended to produce a fit at a moment when he should have been in full possession of his powers.

In curious contrast stands Massena, for according to Napoleon the famous marshal was careless and even incompetent in the preparations, and it was not until the battle seemed to be going against him that he arose to full command of his faculties and acted with energy and power.

Energy is a quality which hardly needs praise. When it is present it justifies itself and wins its own reward.

We generally recognize an energetic individual at a glance—the alert manner, the bright eye, the look of purpose, the active movements and decided steps,

the whole air of a complex machine doing its work well.

If we examine the conditions carefully, we will find that energy is susceptible of being educated and developed. In the first place, energy depends on the physical health. The bright eye and the vigour of effort do not come by accident. Energy is heightened by everything that increases the physical efficiency. A man may train himself for a great stress of mental work, just as a boxer trains himself for a contest. He should have sufficient exercise, his diet should be nourishing and wholesome, and this should imply the elimination of articles that please the palate but are difficult to digest; he should have plenty of sleep; and finally he should avoid the undue use of stimulants, such as alcohol, or even tea or coffee in excess, or narcotics—such as tobacco.

Carlyle and the other great ethical teachers seek to impress on the student the greatness of energy as well as the necessity of forcing one's talents into activity. But these exhortations are useless unless the groundwork be prepared by examining the conditions that produce energy. Carlyle is responsible for unbalancing the brains of many well-meaning young men by giving them a sort of star-struck, hectic view of life, characterized by spasmodic action. The test of energy should be the result attained by planned effort. Some people are continually rushing around, making some noise and stirring the air, but accomplishing little because they exhaust their energies on details or on futilities.

An energetic man is not necessarily an uneasy

man. The best machines are those that work smoothly; so it is in the mental field.

Instead of preaching a doctrine of energy by hammering at the need for action itself, better results are obtained in a young person, boy or girl, by holding up the ideal of some object to be aimed at. This should not be too high or too far off; it should be capable of attainment, and the path that leads to it should be set with rewards and encouragements. Ambition should be approved where it is not merely selfish and indifferent to the rights of others.

The physical basis has been prepared, a good mental equipment having been secured by education, and an object worth striving for set before the eye; energy will be displayed as a matter of course.

Bain, the philosopher, who was a disciple of John Stuart Mill, once mentioned that Mill had displayed great energy in the accomplishment of a long and difficult work, but he remarked that it was necessary to take into account not only the effort required, but also the stimulus. Mill caught up the point quickly, as if he had pondered it before, and cried: "Ah, yes, the stimulus; that is very important."

The Southern races of to-day, particularly those along the Mediterranean border, are not now notable for energy, and this has given rise to a theory, based on too narrow a scope of observation, that warm and sunny climates are fatal to energy. The whole history of civilization contradicts that view; the vast proportion of the great feats, even of adventure, spring from the Mediterranean shores. The Egyptians of old, the early Phœnicians, the Greeks, the Latins, the Carthaginians, and, in a later day, the Moors, the

Spaniards, and the Portuguese, all furnish a prodigious record of energy. The men whom history holds up as the types of energy spring from the Mediterranean littoral—Pharaoh Necho, Alexander the Great, Hannibal, Julius Cæsar, Mahomet II., Cortez, Columbus, Vasco da Gama, Magellan.

No. We must seek some other reason for the apathy that has fallen on the Southerner, and it will be found in part in what John Stuart Mill recognized as the "stimulus." Their world of enterprise and action had been narrowed by all sorts of causes, partly political, partly educational.

Energy will, as a rule, be found most abundant where brains are best developed. In the animal world this is true with respect to the great beasts of prey and the great birds of flight. That part of the brain—the cerebellum—which co-ordinates the physical processes and sends the currents of energy that give tonicity and power to the muscles is extraordinarily well-developed in the tiger, in the porpoise, in the condor.

In man we should expect the corresponding best development to be shown in that part of the brain—the cerebrum—which co-ordinates ideas. That, too, is found to be the case. The classic examples of energy are found in the lives of the Cæsars and the Napoleons, and it is certainly fascinating and stimulating to read, quite apart from the politics or even the morality of their acts, the record of their doings. Gladstone admired Napoleon especially for his power of work.

These men are taken as examples because their deeds are spectacular; but more and more I come to

esteem as the great men, and to find in them examples of energy, not the conquerors who impose their will upon nations, but the thinkers who advance civilization.

Those who look closely into the lives of Galileo, of Faraday, or of Pasteur, will find there the white heat of energy in the best display of its being; an output and an efficiency of ideas superior to that of the dramatic characters.

In our modern world we may rejoice to find some magnificent instances of energy in the mass—in the munitions output by Great Britain and in the shipbuilding feats of the United States during the World War.

If we had the power to analyse sufficiently and to see clearly all the forces that are combined to produce such results, we would find that all the resources of the respective nations, physical, mental, and moral, were drawn upon. The War was in one aspect the test of the combatants brought to the touchstone of Energy.

LAZINESS

THE reverse of energy is laziness. The causes that produce laziness are therefore the deficiency of those that lead to energy.

Sloth has been considered as one of the deadly sins, but laziness cannot be cast off simply by the desire for vitality.

Laziness is often a sort of protective instinct of nature. For example, we feel lazy after a long illness or after a night passed without sleep, or after an exciting crisis. In these conditions whatever exertions we put forth are paid for at an excessive tax of nervous power, and Nature, by disinclining us to this activity, is uttering a quiet warning as to the cost.

Certainly there are people who are more prone to hearken to such warnings than they are to listen to the demands for the house rent, and they may need an additional stimulant in the shape of a mental whip. But these individuals deserve also a certain amount of sympathy.

There are some people who are ordinarily in that condition of diminished efficiency which we all experience after a spell of work; they are born tired.

I knew a lady of high intellectual gifts whose con-

versation was witty, and whose judgment on men and things was acute, but who could never write the works which she had vaguely sketched out. She attributed this to the training, or want of it, which she had received at school. The food was not good, and it was not sufficient, the lessons were given in an uninteresting manner; the rule of the school was continual repression.

She had been a fine, active girl when she went to school; when she left she was weak and deficient in blood, and this anæmia continued throughout her life.

Laziness may often be attributed to lack of incentive. The Scottish farming people had at one time the reputation for laziness. Then the Montgomery Act came into effect which gave them long leases of their farms and security of tenure, and the Scottish people began to develop that extraordinary industry for which they are now noted. The Irish also have been blamed for their laziness, but that is not part of their temperament. Now that proper conditions have been obtained in the agricultural industry of Ireland the peasants are second to none in the world on the score of hard work.

In the United States, where incentives to exertion are more abundant than anywhere else in the world, there is little laziness. The excess is rather in the opposite direction. A Filipino who was basking in the sun was reproved by an American millionaire, but the dark-skinned philosopher replied: "You have given yourself all sorts of trouble to pile up a fortune; what use is it to you?"

The millionaire replied that it gave him a chance for leisure, for having "a good time," for seeing the

beautiful places of the earth, and for enjoying the glorious gifts of sunshine and scenery.

"That's just what I am doing," said the Filipino.

Finally, a capacity for rest and calm does not necessarily imply laziness. I have known men who were capable of putting forth enormous exertion, and who had won fame in the world of action, but who often seemed lazy. They were quietly laying in reserve stocks for future efforts.

Laziness means deficiency, but lazy people have compensations. They are more popular than the energetic; so much so that some astute men, who have plenty of energy, assume the pose of laziness.

The slothful one does not feel his iniquity. Sir Harry Lauder tells us in a song that it's nice to get up in the mornin'—but it's nicer to lie in bed. I know of a philosophic lout who disliked early rising. His good spouse ran into his room crying, "Get up, get up, it's a beautiful spring day!"

The sinner blinked slowly, as if comprehending, and then replying, "Beautiful spring day?—what's that to a beautiful spring bed?" rolled over into slumber again.

TRUTH

SUPPOSE that we have our man, capable, bold, endowed with will and energy, what then? What should we do with him?

To this a thousand answers might be given by a thousand men, but one principle above all others is dominant—the man must be truthful.

I tremble for a moment in my uncertainty as I write, having known so many who have won the prizes of life and who have not been truthful. Yet I come back to my principle, possibly comforted by a phrase of Tennyson when he looked through Norman Lockyer's big telescope and saw the starry heavens revealed in new grandeur: "That makes me think less," he said, "of the county families."

And when I reflect on the history of the world, and see the decadence of empires, and yet something surviving, something won from Nature by science, then I think less of the politicians who lie, even in high offices.

The stars in their courses fought against Sisera, and the stars in their courses burn up the false shoots of all that is not founded in truth. Truth seems to me so important that it should be not merely a guide

to the knowing of things useful to our purposes; it ought itself to be the great purpose.

Better than the flaunting pomp of kings or the acquisition of territories by force of arms is the winning of the truth. Thus I like Napoleon better at St. Helena, where he reviewed the events of his life with candour, than at Austerlitz, where he sought to subdue Europe.

I like Claude Bernard still better for a story I heard from one of his pupils. The great physiologist had been told of another professor who in the lecture-room had desired to exhibit some chyle to his class. Not being able to procure the chyle in time he had made an artificial mixture of a greyish colour and had passed this off as chyle. "I could never have done that!" said Claude Bernard. "If I did I could see a pair of accusing eyes in every student, and every hand would seem to point to me, accusing me, 'You lie! You lie!'"

The desire for truth is itself the object of philosophy.

The search for truth should make itself manifest in the great national scope of things in the form of establishing important scientific Universities, in the endowment of research, and particularly in turning the searchlight of truth upon all parts of our social system, so as to eliminate the false and the unsound.

"What is truth?" cried jesting Pilate; and stayed not for an answer. This phrase has been repeated so often that it gives the impression that truth is not ascertainable in regard to the fundamental institutions on which our modern civilization is supposed to rest. There is a good deal of fraud in this attitude. In most

matters that come before the judgment of the ordinary man there would be no difficulty in seeing the truth if old traditions, false convention, and vested interests did not obscure the vision.

If something be true it is true definitely; it is true even though it run counter to all that we have considered highly important. Darwin tells a story, for instance, that Sedgwick insisted that a certain boulder could not have been found in a certain place, because, he said, if that were so my four big volumes would be wrong! Yet the boulder was found there.

No work of science, or politics, or religion, is big enough to be bigger than truth, and no argument of high-flown spirituality, or of casuistical interpretation, should ever be advanced against truth.

Is it always right to speak the truth? I say that it is never allowed to deny the truth, though it may be proper at times to be silent.

In a book written for the young I once read a story that made me ponder deeply. A Swiss boy was captured by a band of Austrian soldiers who were about to surprise an outpost. They released him after making him swear that he would tell to no one the secret he had learnt. He went to an old barn where some Swiss soldiers were resting, warming themselves at a stove, and addressing the stove he told in a loud voice the story he had sworn to reveal to no man.

This teaching does not seem to me ethically good. Truth is not a matter of the form of words. The anecdote in which this conduct is held up to our admiration glosses over deceit when united to hypocrisy.

Yet we must face the original problem. Was not

the boy free to tell his story directly to the Swiss soldiers? It must be borne in mind that the Austrians had no right to constrain him by force to do a wrong act. This finally throws the problem back to that of his conduct toward them. Was he not entitled to deceive them? They had no right on their side from the beginning. Kant answers that the truth must be told always, though he indicates ways of evading the question by a jest. Here again we meet with hypocrisy.

It seems to me that what is required is the reality of a profound reverence for truth, but then that does not require the fulfilment of a vow imposed wrongly and by violent means.

Truth, it must be remembered, is not popular. The "cachet of good society" is not synonymous with the "stamp of truth."

In the old, strenuous days following the Renaissance truth brought men to the gallows and the stake. The old poets, especially those of a serious cast, have poignant passages on truth. Milton is in "Paradise Lost" often autobiographical, and I think I detect that note in his reference to the Angel Abdiel: "And single hast maintained against revolted multitudes the cause of truth, and for the testimony of truth hast borne universal reproach, far worse to bear than violence."

Certainly Abdiel is met by the greeting: "Servant of God, well done!"

This approbation is often the main reward, and yet if life have any meaning at all—and certainly here the exhortation is to live it with energy and zest—that should suffice.

Truth is the one thing in nature always consistent with itself, and it is the one guide given to us in steering on the ocean of fate. To distrust the truth is the most hopeless of teachings. The one atheism is the denial of truth.

CANDOUR

TRUTH is often like a draught of tonic wine. If into that wine be thrown a ferment, it may convert it all to vinegar. The ferment makes the difference between truth and candour.

Diogenes, the cynic, having been asked which were the worst beasts in the world, replied: "Of wild beasts, the slanderer; of tame beasts, the flatterer!"

What he thought of the candid man is not recorded. That was his own rôle, and Diogenes was not greatly loved. A candid friend is a useful friend on one condition, and that is, that his friendship should always be more in evidence than his candour; but this condition would exclude most of the genus.

We have been disporting ourselves in the circles of the great; we have been so carried away by lively conversation, the glow of lights, and the sheen of beautiful eyes, that we have imagined ourselves a compound of Beau Brummel in grace and Sheridan in wit. How harsh then sounds the banter of the candid friend: "Oh, how perfectly absurd you were, a fat, little, bald-headed coot bowing in that funny way and talking such tosh!"

We become displeased, and not the less so because

we suspect that our friend is proportionately gratified. Or, if a sportive parson is telling stories that keep the table in a roar, and he suddenly hears a strident voice: "Don't be putting that vulgar side of yours forward so much! People don't appreciate it, though they laugh at the moment."

He feels that only a wife can afford such candour; a sweetheart would not have sufficient security of tenure.

It is difficult to smile approvingly when told: "That horrid nose of yours would spoil any beauty; but there it is, and it's no use repining."

It is true that in the old Roman triumphs a slave sat in the triumphal chariot whispering in the ear of the conqueror: "Remember, thou art but a man." But there may have been a way of uttering this that seemed to imply doubt. Besides, history does not record the after treatment of those slaves who put the accent of sincerity into this consecrated phrase.

In the immortal story of Gil Blas we are told that when he had become secretary to the Archbishop of Granada, that venerable prelate insisted on candid criticisms of his sermons. The sermons were good until the Archbishop had a slight apoplectic stroke. When he essayed again Gil Blas ventured an opinion and he was kicked out of the house. "But," cried the bewildered young man, "you told me to be candid."

"Yes," retorted the Archbishop, "I am not getting rid of you for candour, but for your execrable taste. Go!"

Perhaps the candid friend deserves his fate. Few of us really like him. At best he is forced to disguise himself to get in his lesson.

Sometimes candour is an antidote to a worse thing than itself. A conceited young man from Marseilles once called on Sardou with an introduction, and he told the eminent dramatist that he too was thinking of writing plays, or else of taking an engagement as an opera singer. After listening to him for some time expounding his ideas, Sardou conducted him to the door, remarking affably: "We'll all be there to hear you sing."

This story so encourages me to think that there may be some good in candour that I add another that comes to my mind. Loie Fuller, the famous skirt dancer, was once at lunch in company with a South African millionaire, who knowing her kindness of heart remarked: "Yes, I would like to do something for the deserving poor, if one could only find them."

Loie Fuller retorted: "You search for them as you searched for diamonds, and you will find them soon enough!"

Let us say then, candour is a good medicine, but not to be prescribed for the normal man.

EDUCATION

THE highest moral qualities, truth and fine purpose, avail little in the modern world without education.

We are heirs of the ages because throughout the ages mankind has devised and fashioned new things, and step by step added new conquests to our domain in that incessant contest with nature which means life. But we are decadent heirs if we cannot use the instruments that the ages have put into our hands. The acquisition of these, in the largest scope, is education.

The accumulation of facts, even if interesting in themselves, should not constitute the main part of education; these facts, whether they be of classical learning or knick-knacks of history, will be of little use unless the mind has been trained to see them in proper perspective. In the old colonial days of Australia it used to be noticed at times that the rich "squatter" was an unlettered man while his boundary rider could read Homer and descant on Horace. And hands were raised over the failure of education! I ask the simple question, what sort of education?

Physical, mental, and moral factors enter into the

composition of man; each of them should be wrought out to good development.

I lay stress on the physical, because it is less elusive than the other elements, and because the results of good training are more evident. Moreover, these factors are not distinct and independent. A good constitution enables a student to pursue his studies with more energy than if fatigue or illness intervene to interrupt them. A well-balanced frame and healthy functions tend to improve the moral nature, to bestow courage and sympathetic feelings, and to round off the pinched and peevish states which disappointments may bring.

When we meet first a young man or a young woman we may require a certificate of studies to show us the mental attainments, or a letter of introduction to assure us of their superior qualities; but we require no certificate or letter if the physique be good, if the movements be graceful, the appearance attractive, if the skin be clear and the eyes bright, and a smile quick to ripple the expression of the face.

One night at a variety show in New York I saw a nice-looking young woman in evening dress suddenly begin to execute hand-springs and to turn somersaults. She did all this so easily and smilingly, and withal so gracefully, that I cried: "Why don't they teach that in schools?" A charming matron in our company said that that was the way she was having her daughter educated.

Now, I do not mean to say that young ladies meeting a mixed company in the drawing-room should begin to do cat-leaps and catherine-wheels; but it is evident that what we take in by the eye already con-

stitutes a good part of our knowledge of a young woman; and a certain handicap is gained if the fair one can show a well-balanced figure, good arms, well-turned ankles, and movements of grace. Even grave philosophers cannot but appreciate this type.

She compares well with her sister whose complexion has become green, and whose manner is timid and gauche because she has been overworked at the round of instruction given in the best establishments—Latin roots, tags of grammars, smatterings of botany and history, odds and ends of drawing and music.

Certainly it is not well to play too much on the physical, but that at any rate is something tangible, whereas the mental and moral equipment is often of dubious value and difficult to estimate.

"The ancient Persians taught three useful things: to ride, to draw the bow, to speak the truth," so says Byron appreciatively. He remarks that though modern youth has not developed all these accomplishments, "they draw the long bow better now than ever."

Here was an education which we would call rather rudimentary, but which was at least adapted to the needs of life. That is far from being the case with modern education, especially that inflicted on girls.

Girls, also, should be prepared for their duties in life in a style of methodic development, and not be simply adorned with a number of trinkets called accomplishments. The problems of the "facts of life" come up. If there be facts of life which they must face, and which gravely concern their future, their

security, and their usefulness in the world, then it is as cruel to turn them out uninstructed in these matters as it would be to send a soldier into a campaign before he has been taught to use his weapons, or to take cover, when necessary.

Speaking even with enthusiasm of physical culture perhaps I may the more daringly offer some criticism of games, most of which I have played myself. The ancient Persians suggest to me a certain standard. Their empire has passed away. Great states have risen and fallen—Nineveh, Babylon, have gone; it is difficult to recognize their very ruins and to bring to light their records.

Suppose we search the causes of decay, and inquire how the ardent young men at the zenith of their greatness employed their energy and zest of life, and the answer came: For six days of the week they knocked a leather sphere with curious clubs about a field from morn to dewy eve. We would reply, Behold the brain of the race doomed to perish.

But suppose we speak not of Babylon but of Britain and call this pastime the Great National Game, and invest it with the cant of the schoolmasters who speak of character-forming sports, and . . . well, let it rest. Nature judges these things not by names but by realities. The decadence of nations goes quite well with the development of muscle and the cult of toys; we want to find in young men masculine minds as well as serviceable bodies.

On the mental side too there are too many toys, toys of accomplishments, subjects held in honour that have but an artificial value. We see this again better when we take the example of foreign nations. The

Chinese used to employ as a test for their mandarins not something that had to do with their functions, destined to be badly performed, but by their knowledge of strange old forms of literature. And in the House of Commons I have known a learned member express astonishment when I told him that the beat of the pulse was due to the action of the heart.

Children should not be coddled in their intellectual training any more than in their physical; and though the studies should be made interesting the interest should arise out of the studies themselves. We have bred a generation that cannot digest anything intellectual but tablets of peptonized food. One sees that in the popular papers with their brevity, still increasing in brevity as far as brevity can increase, and in the incapacity for thought of our rulers.

On the moral side, a few great fundamental principles are all that are necessary; but these should be laid in like the foundations and walls of a house, to abide there and to give a setting to all else that is added as adornment.

The test of education, apart from the accomplishments that secure places in an artificial system, should be this: Let the man be thrown naked on an unknown shore, and be forced to win his way amidst a new people. It may then be of little use to play cricket or to mishandle Tschaikowsky on a piano, but good physique, intelligence, and will power make their way infallibly.

Boys should more and more be led to science, because the development of our modern world depends on science; and nothing gives a sense of responsi-

bility, and foresight, and clear reasoning so well as science properly taught.

With all this the education of neither sex should be soft and indulgent, for life and nature often prove stern task-masters. Of all educations, that which develops good character is the best.

RELIABILITY

WHAT are the fruits of education? By their fruits ye shall know them. Some people seem to appreciate the advantage of life only in proportion to the exclusiveness this confers on themselves. They desire to know Greek so as to be able to poke out their tongues intellectually at the non-Grecians.

This attitude produces a real inferiority of character. A good singer does not need to say, I was taught by Marchesi, or, I had lessons from de Reszke, therefore I have the cachet. She sings, and if she sings well, we inquire, Who was your teacher? The principle is true, when a man says, I am a public school boy, or I am a West-pointer; put me in command!

The reply should be: If you have not the qualities, those credentials are insufficient; if you have the qualities, Go forward on those. Are you reliable?

In the campaign of life one has often to rely upon another, and it makes a great difference whether it be possible to place complete confidence in that person, or whether there be doubt.

In South Africa I once said, I will make an officer of any man who can answer these three tests:

(1) That if he borrow a dollar and promise to pay it on that day week, then when the week is up he will pay the dollar, exact.

Many men, otherwise of admirable character, would promise to pay it in a day or two later; or they would give you ninety cents and ten cents in postage-stamps, on the ground that it amounted to the same thing.

(2) That if I ask him what lies behind that ridge, he will either tell me exactly on the strength of his previous knowledge, or he will go over the ridge to ascertain, or he will at least tell me he does not know.

Many people would go by what others had told them; or rather than not give some plausible answer they would guess or suppose.

(3) That if I told him to be at a certain rendezvous at ten o'clock in the morning, he would be there.

Many would come at a quarter-past ten, or they would send word that they were detained at some other place, but that that would do as well.

Now these requirements seem fairly simple, but let us give them more sounding names, for example: In the first place, to return the dollar shows honesty, exactitude.

To reply correctly when asked what is behind a ridge shows activity, intelligence.

To arrive punctually at a rendezvous shows that

the person has made duty a governing point in laying out his time and guiding his conduct.

Sum up all these qualities and you have the picture of a capable, zealous, active and successful officer. Such a man might aspire to high command when he had gained experience. The qualities indicated are remarkably rare.

Grant once superseded a general of ability because after he had ordered him to come up by a certain road, the officer came up by another which he said he had found to be preferable.

It was important that Grant should know the disposition of all his forces, and the general in question by disobeying orders had left the Commander-in-Chief unsettled as to how he stood.

In the world war the plans of Foch would have been disarranged at the critical moment of his counter-attack had he been unable to rely absolutely on Gouraud at Rheims.

Or again, imagine the satisfaction of Peary at having Bartlett left at the base when he made his dash for the North Pole.

If these principles, simple as they are, be inculcated into the minds of children, and if they be trained in these till they become habits, then great characters will have been produced, almost without our noticing it.

EFFICIENCY

IN these days of education great store is set on efficiency. The symptom is healthy. It shows the gradual impress on the mind of the nation of scientific forms of thought. Of course the question may still remain to be asked, efficiency for what?

Lord Rosebery once caused a stir of interest in England by asking for an efficient Government. It is true that he did not define the term precisely, nor had he helped us very much by example; but at least the cry was a protest against waste, incompetence, and misdirected efforts.

Efficiency in a machine is measured by comparing the output with the in-put; in-put may be in the shape of coal or other fuel of which the "energy" may be scientifically estimated. Everything is bought with something else, and all machines are really transformers which turn out energy in the form in which we desire to use it.

An office, private or public, or any kind of business efficiently carried on, is one in which the energy is best utilized, and in which there is a minimum of leakage or friction.

In human affairs friction is shown as fuss, or

worry, or confusion. This is important to note, for many people, under a sudden stress of work, seem to think that they are not justifying their existence unless they are making themselves and everyone else uncomfortable.

There are times, for example, in a medical student's course when he must be alert and prepared for any emergency during long periods. This makes a drain upon the reserve strength, and because it is a time of stress some students feel that they must reduce themselves to wrecks in order to be assured that they have worked at their best.

On such occasions it is wise to seek every opportunity of repose and to come through the ordeal smiling. Huntingdon, a noted American railway magnate, used to say that a pound of result meant more than a ton of effort.

In machines the most efficient are not the noisiest. It is a suspicious sign when a machine calls attention to its power by loud creakings and cranky movements. So it is with human beings. The best runner is not the overtrained athlete who wrenches a ligament or falls in a heart attack at the tape. The great explorer is not the man who uses up his crew by continual fatigue, who is forced to kill all his dogs for food, and who comes back with a fearful tale of incessant hardships even if admirably endured.

Amundsen, the Norwegian navigator who first set foot on the South Pole, performed the feat with comparatively little wear and tear, but his exploit was not less wonderful.

The old Romans were great toilers, as is shown by their characteristic mottoes, "To work is to pray,"

"Work overcomes all things"; but in their engineering works they were not efficient. They overcame difficulties by stubborn perseverance. Their roads ran in straight lines from the South of England to Scotland. But a journey that took a month to accomplish with them may now be covered by the ordinary passenger of a railway train in a few hours. That shows efficiency produced by science.

Efficiency is not a mere smart accomplishment; in its full scope it depends on high play of the intellect. Consider the Roman and the Arabic notations. The Roman form is clumsy, and it does not permit of development. It is true, therefore, that if there were two nations equal in all respects, except that one had the Roman and the other the Arabic notation, the nation with the more flexible form would infallibly master the other.

The Arabic notation permitted the development of arithmetic, thence of algebra, which is generalized arithmetic, thence of trigonometry, which combines algebra with geometry, thence of the higher forms of the calculus which derive from them; and finally all the developments in the sciences of mechanics and physics, engineering, shipbuilding, telegraphy, which have given the impress to our modern civilization.

The ancient Egyptians employed an enormous number of slaves to transport and set up their obelisks; but Cleopatra's Needle was placed in position on the Thames Embankment in London by a handful of engineers.

The highest examples of efficiency in the systems of manual labour come from the United States.

When I first became acquainted with the studies of Winslow Taylor in economizing the exertions of workmen, by cutting out useless or wasteful movements, I was delighted. Later, when I observed that that development went hand in hand with a spirit that regarded the workman merely as a kind of machine, I made serious reservations. Certainly the Taylor system where introduced, first in the United States and then in European countries, as in France, helped to win the war.

Efficiency demands thought, but it repays the thinking.

POLITENESS

POLITENESS is an aid to efficiency. It has been called the oil of the machine, making it run smoothly. For these phrases, however, I have but limited respect. In the hierarchy of qualities efficiency should rather be the servant of politeness.

Politeness, it is said sometimes, is useful, and it costs little. That, it seems to me, is a vile doctrine, quite unworthy of the real beauty of sentiment that underlies politeness.

Politeness should be cultivated, not because it is "useful," but because it is something better than most things called useful—and because it has in itself something of the polish and the perfection of life.

Politeness should not cost little; it should cost a life—a life drilled even in the forms of politeness till they become the habitual way of thinking.

Georges d'Esparbès, a charming French writer, in a book called "War in Lace," describes the capture of a French spy by some soldiers of Frederick the Great. The spy feigned imbecility, and his captors were in doubt as to his real or supposed idiocy. They put him through a series of tests, inflicting torture and compelling him to do disgusting tasks.

He bore all with stoic fortitude. Then he stumbled by accident against a lady who was passing by, and, doffing his cap, he bowed politely, and said: "I beg pardon, Madame."

One would like to record that he was not shot, but war is war, and in any case a life carried on in this spirit is its own reward.

The French have always been known as the most polite nation in Europe, and this style of politeness has become so impressed upon the minds of the people that it reappears in the customary forms of speech. If one is not speaking politely, then one is not speaking good French.

French literature and French life are full of instances of politeness which to foreigners have worn an incongruous air. I remember on one occasion being in a French saloon where a number of distinguished literary men were present. Presently one of the coterie came in, looking a little excited and crying: "My friend M—— has just boxed my ears!" The fact that even in those circumstances he called the other his friend did not delay the preliminaries of a duel.

One of the victims of the French Revolution—the Princess Elizabeth, I believe—apologized to the executioner's assistant for treading on his foot. At another end of the social line I remember a little girl who was being operated upon for squint at one of the hospitals in Paris. A local anæsthetic was used, so that the patient had consciousness of what was taking place. She was not hurt, but she was a little alarmed, and she kept crying out at intervals: "Finissez, messieurs, je vous prie; mes-

sieurs, finissez, messieurs!" ("Finish, gentlemen, I beg you; gentlemen, finish, gentlemen!") Even in her excitement she could not forget her politeness.

Possibly it is the association of politeness with France that has produced, in some countries, a certain prejudice against courtesy of manner. It seems to some to imply an effeminate and false character.

Dickens in his "Barnaby Rudge" draws the character of Mr. Chester, one of his rare "gentlemen," on the model of Lord Chesterfield, and he makes him a polite but shallow and heartless scoundrel. That portraiture, while it may render a rough justice to Lord Chesterfield, is very unfair to the quality of politeness. Politeness is not necessarily associated with effeminacy; it developed in the days of chivalry when a rude word or unfriendly manner might be followed by the keen questioning of a pointed lance. There is nothing necessarily false in politeness. On the other hand, I have known many rough and boorish men who were not models of probity. And yet that absurd notion sticks.

I remember in America meeting a man of title whose manners left much to be desired. In certain circles—very limited, I trust—his disdain for the usages of society, coupled with his aristocratic name, gave him increased prestige. One of his admirers explained to me that you could not expect a man like that to have the manners of a butler. That was doubtless true; but even he, a man of veritable talent, would have been improved had he acquired the manners of a gentleman.

Politeness does not imply either insincerity or effeminacy; but it is a fact that this social virtue was

highly cultivated at a time when insincerity and relaxation of morals were most observable, as, for example, in the reigns of Louis XIV and Louis XVI.

Their courts find a parallel in that of Charles II, who was polite but dissolute. But we should look at these matters eclectically. If in the midst of a bankrupt's dubious assets you find a beautiful pearl, you allow that to stand to his credit. Similarly we should think of politeness, linked though it may be at times with bad qualities.

One of the finest features of politeness is that which lessens the burden of life for women. An old French savant, Fontenelle, when over eighty, stooped down with a smile to pick up the handkerchief of a young girl. This to me seems charming. I think it better than the conduct of burly young men who sit in the seats of railway cars while delicate girls or tired mothers are hanging on to straps amid the jostling of a crowd. I leave to others the admiration of that virile conquering type.

No! Once again, politeness is not a sign of weakness, or an affected, effeminate manner; politeness redeems a bad man to some extent; it gives to a good man the most beautiful flower his reputation can wear. All women appreciate politeness—it brings to them protection and homage.

PERSONAL MAGNETISM

POLITENESS offers us in grace what personal magnetism gives us in power. This quality is hard to describe, but in the presence of some men it is felt. It makes us desire to be in their company, to find delight when we are there, to feel regret when we leave, and to know a strange yearning desire that we might see them once again.

Such men are few. The attraction is found in something vital in their style, something forward-reaching and daring, as if seeking something beyond them, as of breaking bars that confined the soul, something brilliant, yearning and fateful.

We feel this the more when we, too, are linked in that aspiration; when we are drawn into the endeavour.

The foundations of personal magnetism are sympathy, intelligence, and energy. This statement seems to rob that quality of something of the transcendent value that we ascribe to it, but in the end that will be found to be not only just but really more pleasing to ourselves.

Personal magnetism does not arise from anything impressed upon us from without, as a magnet attracts

a piece of iron; it is found only where the magnetic person evokes our own qualities by having the sympathy to understand our temperament, the intelligence to take our point of view, and the energy to lead us from that standpoint to something that seizes our interest and arouses our enthusiasm.

When I reflect on the men who have attracted me most I must say something that will seem like a confession; the magnetic men to me were the athletes. In my student days when I practised athletics with a sort of holy zeal I felt myself swimming in a vitalized air when I met certain of the famous athletes—ah! there was energy, and with it all the sense of hazard, the seizing on good fortune, the confident feeling of victory, and then in the contest the dazzling display of splendid form. Admiration, hope and yearning passed in my mind with that ineffable touch that youth alone may know.

Later, it is true, we should expect a higher and stronger sentiment towards the men of intellect, the teachers, the poets, the statesmen. But the great amongst these are rare or hidden. Coleridge said he had known many men who had done great things, but only one who was great in himself. He referred to Wordsworth.

I have found that the great writers have generally put their best in their books. I have read books of power; when I became acquainted with the authors I found them inferior. Perhaps of all whom I desired most to know but never met, Jack London stands out. There is in his books the something "beyond me" that makes me think the man himself superior to his expression, though that is fine.

The men of science are too often secluded in a narrow form, and they are too formal and methodical. One exception comes to my mind—a young German professor with tawny hair and yellow eyes that glowed like a cat's while he discussed—like an evangel—organic chemistry.

Tesla's talk was to me also as fascinating as the bold strokes of his genius in the field of electricity are immortal. Many of the statesmen I have met have been what Dr. Johnson called "barren rascals," except indeed certain ones for whose sake I would delete one of those epithets—and then, so as not to discourage anyone, a few excellent men.

In personal magnetism we want a sort of infectious, emotional overflow and abundance of ideas, these ideas streaming their delicate filaments towards the unknown, the wonderful, the infinite.

The early navigators who sailed to the discovery of new lands must have had something of that magnetism; the great conquistadores also—Vasco da Gama, Columbus, Cortez, Drake, Frobisher and Raleigh, were types of the men of magnetism.

Napoleon exercised his magnetism on all sorts of men, on scientists like Laplace, on poets like Heine, on artists like Gros, on women like the prima donna Grisi, on rough soldiers like Duroc or Ney; but the personal magnetism of Napoleon was great mainly in the heyday of his power.

In his younger days Napoleon proposed marriage to Mlle. Clery, who laughed at him and called him "Puss in Boots." In St. Helena, again, the children of Mr. Balcombe used to play and joke with him unawed by his magnetic force. One of the descrip-

tions given of him before his arrival at St. Helena reposes us from the flattery of Court painters and makes us better see the man. An English middy said the great conqueror looked like a fat Portuguese priest.

Napoleon at the height of his success, when the whole of Europe seemed to worship at the feet of his genius, used to exert himself to win not only the obedience but the affection of his soldiers. He teased his "grognards" (grousers), he pulled their ears gently, he laughed with them, he reminded them in some casual but inspiring way of the scenes in which they had won victories together, and when he left them every man he had spoken to became a hero, every man in the guard would die for their "Little Corporal."

So it was with Cæsar. He stands before history as the Colossus of the Roman period; he is represented as a stern, granite man. That is not a true picture. Cæsar allowed his soldiers to joke with him in a manner that would have scandalized a modern red-tab major. He records in his Commentaries one of the jokes of his legionaries as he was sallying out with them to meet Ariovistus. At another time, when he reached a wretched little village with only one house fit for accommodation, Cæsar gave it to a soldier who had been stricken with fever.

Nelson had something of the same quality. He was a sailor among his sailors. President Roosevelt could remember a railway porter he had met years before, and he would inquire what had become of his red-haired boy, Tommy. These are great examples. The magnetism is there, undoubtedly, but it is not a

spook-like or Svengalian quality; the possessor of the quality pays for it with his life—that is to say, the whole tenor of his life is guided by the desire to please and to win, and that not entirely for himself, but in easy understanding and sympathy with others.

Many men who have done big things in history, and who have exercised high commands may have been deficient in this quality. We respect them, record their high deeds, and let it go at that. There are others, again, and of different quality, Alexander, Socrates, Camoëns, Byron, Lincoln, of whom we say, "Oh, to have known him, to have spoken to him, to have felt the clasp of his hand."

GOOD ADDRESS

GOOD address is something that holds a midway position between politeness and personal magnetism. The greater share it has of either of these attributes the better, of course; yet it is not to be identified with either. It suggests something less commanding, less of genius, than personal magnetism; while it contains, more than politeness, a spice of self-assertion.

"A good presence," said Aristotle, "is worth all the letters of introduction in the world." Few matters are more evident, for, in the first place, letters of introduction are not always looked upon as a pleasant surprise.

There is, indeed, a famous picture entitled: "The Letter of Introduction," in which a young man from the country is presenting a recommendation to a rich relative. The bearer is awkward, ill-dressed, rather sheepish-looking, and the contents of the letter are evidently insufficient to banish that first impression.

On the other hand a young man may arrive in a strange town without any formal announcement, but as soon as he begins to make acquaintances he pleases.

He is well made, well set-up; his countenance shows freedom from vices, his eye is clear, his voice manly but pleasant, his manner prepossessing, his smile breathes good nature, and his optimism finds favour with all. When he is put to trial he does not begin by making excuses; he does his best, and even if he be inexperienced, he proves that he has intelligence and that he is not afraid of work.

Now all these marks are really stamped on the man, and they can be observed by anyone who has had experience of the world. It is much better to have good things written on your face than on the foolscap of a letter.

One of the most remarkable Americans in history, Count Rumford, as he afterwards became, owed the chance of his career to his good appearance. He had started in life as a school teacher, but he had always been studious and thoughtful. While on a visit to Europe he attended a review of troops at Munich, and as he desired to obtain a conversation with the King he rode a magnificent chestnut horse at the ceremony. The King himself commanded that the young American, Benjamin Thomson, as he then was, should be presented. Thomson's brilliant talk and lively interest in matters of importance impressed the Bavarian monarch so much that he invited him to stay at his Court.

Thomson became the virtual Prime Minister of the country, and having a free hand to try social experiments he established many institutions and started reforms which have become permanent—as, for instance, improvements in the Army system, in the teaching of agriculture, in the warming of houses;

also a system for aiding the poor, which has now degenerated into that of the workhouse. Count Rumford was one of the pioneers of the modern theory of heat, and he became known at length as a great originator in scientific work.

It should be noted that good address is not something artificial or superficial. A sharp eye soon detects pretence in this respect. A young man who has an air of vulgarity and whose talk shows ignorance and pretentiousness does not really improve the situation by wearing a diamond pin. Nor does a young woman become a lady simply by dressing in a Paquin gown and walking on exaggerated heels.

One would like to affirm the distinction between the reality and the pretence more decisively. Since the War, however, I have noticed a series of cases where plausible young scamps have carried on a career of swindling even amongst men of the world. The good address in their case has meant an address to which goods may be sent with confidence.

And so we find a young gentleman of twenty-one coolly telling a motor manager that he is a colonel in the Army—Lord Lightspur, you know—and that he lives in Heavystone Hall in Belgravia; and, such is the magic of good address, the hard-featured commercial listens, registers the information, and delivers the goods.

Even here the fault is not with good address. It has evidently sufficed to gild inferior metal, and it is well to remember here that dishonesty may accompany very displeasing manners.

A young man should look clean, and honest, and

capable, because he possesses all such qualities. They should be with him till they enter into him as abiding sentiments, and the outward form will then be the expression of inward and spiritual grace. Good address should be the warrant of a good man.

TACT

IF politeness be a principle, good address a form of strategy, tact is the skill of minor operations.

Tact counts for much in success of life. It is one of those elusive possessions for which it would be difficult to assign marks in an examination, but which is appreciated by the effect it produces.

The old Romans, who were at their best a virile people, attached importance to tact; they crystallized their opinion in a phrase that has become proverbial—*suaviter in modo, fortiter in re:* gentle in manner, firm in aim. This has been paralleled in our modern times by the expression, silken glove on iron hand.

Some people who pride themselves on their strength of character affect to despise tact; they think that it savours of decadence. I would say to these in the first place that tact does not always mean an exaggerated softness of address. Sometimes the best tact is shown by a bold and vigorous action, which cuts short a painful predicament. When, for example, Georges Carpentier, the French boxer, stood face to face with Joe Beckett, the English champion, the situation was strained; it threatened to become pain-

ful. Monsieur Carpentier stepped in and by one blow swiftly and deftly delivered put an end to the quarrel.

If, however, this example be not the most edifying, I would cite a classic instance. When Napoleon had beaten the Austrians in his first Italian campaign, their delegates endeavoured to assume a superior air when they arrived to discuss peace. Napoleon thereupon took up a vase and dashed it to pieces at their feet, telling them that if they delayed signing he would do likewise with their Empire. They signed.

The most charming display of tact is in making people feel at ease in your company. Theodore Roosevelt, a vigorous type if ever there was one, had this quality. It was seen in his first word of greeting. How many men, Americans or foreigners, have been cheered by his "dee-lighted." When he met a literary man he would let him know that he was well acquainted with his works. How could a writer so honoured go away and not think the best of so great and so friendly a host?

It is a great trick of monarchs, by the way, to be "posted" about the performances of distinguished visitors, but they do not always get the right information. When the Kaiser received Sir Edward Shackleton, the English explorer, who had carried out his famous expedition to the South Pole, he was posted in polar lore. Unfortunately he had "stewed up" the North Pole, and when he began cheerfully about Polar bear hunting, he was greatly put out by Shackleton remarking that there were no Polar bears there. "Why not?" he inquired brusquely.

Many of the examples of tact are those of the flattery of monarchs. George IV had brought him-

self, by frequent repetition of the statement, to believe that he had been present at Waterloo. On one occasion he appealed to the Duke of Wellington: "Was I not there, Arthur?" he demanded.

"I have often heard your Majesty say so," replied the Duke.

A subtler form of flattery is that in which there is an affectation of bluntness and candour. The Comte de Gramont once entered the room where Louis XIV was sitting with his courtiers discussing a move in chess. The King remarked that they would take the opinion of Gramont.

"Your Majesty is in the wrong," pronounced the count.

"But," said the King, "you have not even heard the point in dispute."

"No," replied the wit, "but I know that if there had been a shade of doubt these gentlemen would not have hesitated to decide in your favour."

From these shining examples we may descend easily, for there is no phase of life where tact may be neglected.

The word tact recalls most vividly a charming hostess who, having to entertain a mixed company, thinks little of her own pleasure but remembers the peculiarities of each guest, draws them out on their strong points, listens attentively, and adroitly brings people together likely to be mutually agreeable. The source of tact of this sort is kindness.

There is no household, however humble, where there is not room for the display of this quality, and there is no person so insignificant as not to find occasion for its exercise. The man or woman, youth

or maiden, who has tact, other things being equal, will score over rivals less endowed with this quality, and when successful will meet with less envy and more good will.

Tact is not a small thing; in the battle of life it is more powerful than a bludgeon.

APLOMB

APLOMB is formed of a combination of certain of the elements that enter into tact and good address. It is produced by experience and education, as well as by character.

It is one of the solid attributes of a man of the world, and in the hands of a master it becomes very impressive. It consists in keeping one's equilibrium, and rising to the height of one's powers, in spite of some big and unexpected disaster; or in maintaining composure under the eyes of an enemy while faced with some formidable mischance.

Aplomb tests the man just as rough weather tests the ship. A financial magnate is chairman of directors. He has a difficult situation to face at a meeting. On entering the meeting-room on the appointed day a telegram is handed to him, showing a collapse of a great part of the property. The man of aplomb keeps his head and steadies the nerve of his colleagues.

In the midst of reverses at one time during the Civil War, Lincoln was a tower of strength to the Cabinet, because he never lost his aplomb. On one occasion he heard news of a regiment being

roughly handled, and everyone looked gloomy. Lincoln said, "I am glad of that news." And when an explanation seemed called for he told a story of a poor woman, a neighbour who had a dozen children. She was kept busy at her washtub and consequently had no time to give particular attention to her family, so that whenever one of the children cried, she said, "Well, I am glad of that! I know that one is safe."

Lincoln went on to say that he had lost track of that regiment and had become uneasy. "Now," he concluded, "I know that it has been engaged and has been doing good work. It has rendered a satisfactory account."

Of another kind was the move of General Wheeler after the battle of San Juan. Colonel Roosevelt was "in the air." He could not remain where he was on account of the insufficiency of provisions, particularly of water; he could not advance without risking an engagement with all the odds against him; a retreat, which might have had bad consequences, seemed indicated by all the rules of war. A council was held and various suggestions were made, none of them acceptable.

"How about asking the other fellows to surrender?" inquired the old Southern leader.

They did so. The Spaniards yielded gracefully.

An amusing instance of aplomb is that of Talleyrand, the famous French diplomatist. On a certain occasion he gave a grand dinner. The company included several kings. A magnificent salmon was one of the dishes, and Talleyrand had it played round the table by a fife band before serving. Then sud-

denly the butler tripped and fell with the salmon out of the room. Everyone was in consternation except Talleyrand. He did not raise an eyebrow.

"Bring another," he said.

Another salmon still more magnificent was brought . . . Talleyrand had arranged the whole scene for effect.

Aplomb sometimes produces its effect at a dinner-table talk and in the smoke-room. John Augustus O'Shea, the distinguished correspondent, was once indulging in reminiscences of the Carlist wars in Spain, and he was charming his audiences as Othello charmed Desdemona, and by the same witchcraft. Edmund O'Donovan, still more famous as a correspondent, was one of the company, but he had said little, possibly waiting till his friend and rival had pulled the bow to the utmost.

"The most curious thing I remember," said O'Shea, "was that while we were in Alicante a small fleet of the Alfonsists came before the town. On the bridge of the first vessel we could see the admiral standing with another man. We were unable to offer resistance because we were destitute of ammunition. Then one of the officers remembered that there was one shot left in one of the guns, and we guessed that if we killed the admiral we would probably stop the attack as no one else would have the plan. We tried it. The shot was fired; we saw the admiral fall by the side of his friend."

O'Shea stopped and commenced to fill his pipe. The eyes of the company were directed to Edmund O'Donovan. He lit his cigar, and as he blew out the

match he remarked quietly: "That story is correct—I was the man with the admiral."

Aplomb is something of a pose, but in the hands of a master it is not a bad pose. The elements that go to form it are: courage, experience, knowledge of the world, coolness and discipline, and withal something of the actor's pleasure in acting.

HONESTY

POLITENESS, aplomb, the graces of manner and the force of address, are the setting of the diamond; the stone itself is Honesty.

If you find an honest man, clip him to your soul with hoops of steel, or with something still stronger though immaterial.

"Oh, yes," the reader may reply, "you mean honest on the ideal plane."

No! I mean honest in the ordinary workaday sense. My own experience shows that this honesty is so wonderful an attribute as to raise the man to the level of the heroic. It may be said that a citizen who pays his debts is not necessarily a great man. I return that one who always pays his debts and every debt is a hero. A man may pay his grocer's bills, but one night, driving home in his automobile, he runs over a chicken belonging to a poor woman. Will he stop and find out the owner and give her suitable compensation?

If he has gained the affections of a young woman and has promised to marry her, will he regard that promise as adamant?

If in looking over some old family papers he

discovers that there is a flaw in his title to the fortune he enjoys, will he at once make the document known and renounce the inheritance?

If he is letting a house to a friend who is eager to take it, will he tell his friend that though everything looks well the drains are insanitary?

If he has made a contract, and afterwards finds himself hard pressed for money, and if a clever lawyer points out to him how by a little legal quibbling, or in some other way, he can escape keeping his contract, will he ruin himself rather than take advantage of subterfuge?

Will he always regard his word as stronger than the legal bonds of commercial men, even if there be no witnesses? When he is dealing with an employee, who, being in a desperate plight, may be glad to work for him at small remuneration, will he insist on paying a fair wage? In short, will he refuse to accept any advantage, material or otherwise, which he has not earned legitimately or which has come to him by any means inconsistent with good public policy? If he fails in any of these tests, he is not an honest man; he is merely an astute man who generally finds that honest methods pay best.

The Law of Contracts is said to constitute one of the greatest monuments of the English-speaking communities. It certainly is a work of sterling common sense, equity, and good judgment. Every case seems provided for, and fair dealing between man and man is secured.

Yes, but think of this Law of Contracts as the elaborate means devised to prevent fraud, ambiguity, deceit, undue profiting, and all the ten thousand

instances of sharp practice and chicanery which clever, but unscrupulous men have hit upon; then our admiration for the complete and artistic perfection of this Law of Contracts, or rather for the state of ethics that produced it, is lessened.

I like two other instances of greatness better. I was told in Constantinople before the war that the Bulgars were an honest people; if a Bulgar owed you a dollar he would search high and low for you, not because you were uneasy about the debt, but because he was.

If this account of the Bulgar be true and characteristic of the nation, then in spite of the set-back of the war, due to evil politics, Bulgaria has still a great future to look to.

The other story is certainly true and characteristic.

At an early time the chief of the clan MacGregor had lent a Sassenach fifty gold pieces. The Sassenach proceeded to draw up an acknowledgment. "What's that?" asked the Chief.

"A receipt on which you could sue if I defaulted," replied the other.

MacGregor, in a voice of scorn, demanded his money back, and turned his heel on the other for ever.

That tone thrills me with admiration. It is impracticable and even ridiculous in a highly civilized community, I hear. Well, I despise the aspects of civilization that produce such a result.

No; honesty is not a vulgar virtue. Honesty is rarer than honours; it is greater than high office, or blazing fame. I mean here the honesty of the man

who is not only honest in business, but also honest in all things, whether of business or of thought; honest to himself, honest in his fibre; honest in his will; honest in his politics; honest in his religion; honest in his ideals; simply and sincerely honest as a man fit to walk before God whole and unafraid.

COMPROMISE

HONESTY as a policy, if the standard be success, must give way to compromise. Honesty may bring a man to the dock; compromise may lead him to the Woolsack.

The word compromise is one of those which have grown in honour in our civilization. This is especially the case in the political world. In the House of Commons I have heard, times without number, the praise of "our admirable spirit for compromise," or that "genius for compromise which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon race."

This appreciation of compromise has been overdone. There are times when the truth does not lie between the extremes; the best policy is not always a compound of two alternatives. If, for example, two persons are disputing, one saying that seven and six make thirteen, and another maintaining that seven and six make fifteen, the wise man is not he who comes along with an unctuous air of wisdom and declares "seven and six are fourteen."

Or again, if, when it was generally considered an article of faith that the earth was flat, and a certain person believed the earth to be spherical and sought

to prove it by means of arguments, it would not be a mark of superior intelligence to assert: "The earth is neither round nor flat, it is cylindrical."

There was a time when the words of the Bible were taken literally as written by the finger of God. On the religious side I have nothing to say here for or against such belief. Within recent years—for the scientific world is extraordinarily young—men have, as the result of geological and biological studies as well as researches in Egyptian lore, for example, been led to believe that the story of the creation as given in Genesis is absurd. Again I say nothing as to that doctrine. But the men of compromise arrive on the scene. They say, Science is right, and Genesis is right. The days spoken of in Genesis mean geological periods!

This is an interpretation that would at one time have brought to the stake those over-ingenious defenders of the faith; the stake has often claimed worthier victims. For what can be thought of a revelation which is misleading and meaningless until explained by the discoveries of science?—and since the interpretation must follow and adapt itself to the results of science, why consult the revelation?

Another example that left me musing was that of a famous statesman whose speech on a certain resolution might be thus briefly expressed: If you carry the resolution, you will take the step that leads to inevitable disaster, you will open the floodgates of the waters of evil, you will break up the British Empire, and destroy all the principles that we all hold dearer than life, you will invite social decadence and make light of the sanctities of the hearth, you will loosen

the marriage tie, and produce red ruin and the breaking up of laws! . . . But, gentlemen, if the party accepts this principle and makes it a plank in its programme, it will find no more loyal supporter, no more devoted advocate than I. . . .

How was this speech received? By amazement in the simple-minded, by loud laughter from the cynics? Not at all. By the contented grunts of approval, the conventional "Hear, hear" of encouragement, and by the conviction that the speaker was a "practical man." He was practical, for on the bases of such speeches, and by virtue of the character of mind indicated, he rose from office to office until he became one who shaped our destinies.

During the war one military party desired to concentrate on the Western front; another party urged that a decisive blow should be struck at Constantinople. Either of these policies was feasible. That of the Dardanelles demanded also all prompt decision and energy. The Cabinet compromised. It spent months discussing the Dardanelles strategy, and when the time for action came sacrificed thousands of lives uselessly.

In the great naval battle of the war Jellicoe had two courses open to him when he sighted the Germans, in strength inferior but formidable. One was to have sheered off and preserved his fleet intact; the other was to destroy the German fleet. He compromised. He lost part of his fleet, then sheered off.

In this case, you see, Nature, or the war which was like a series of natural phenomena, supplied a test of the value of our smug virtues. In the ordinary

conditions of life such a test is rarely either available or decisive.

Compromise cannot be allowed in cases where the exact truth is ascertainable. Compromise is not laudable where some deep principle is at stake. Even in a conventional world a man would be ill-advised to assert: My actions are not honest, but on the other hand they are not entirely selfish; they form a compromise between these interests.

Again, when there are two partners in a business, a compromise of policies may be fatal, unless it takes the form of such concessions on the part of the weaker mind as to leave a free hand to the other. This is the condition of affairs that usually takes place in the case of husband and wife, though the wife may not always be the weaker vessel.

A friend of mine desired to go for his holidays to a quiet fishing village, and he named St. Ives, in Cornwall, for a fortnight. His wife wanted to see "Gay Paree" for a week. He was worried. Some time after when I inquired how the matter had been settled, he explained cheerfully: "Oh! We compromised—we went to Paris for a fortnight."

So far I have directed my remarks rather against compromise, for I have seen in practical experience that this word covers a multitude of sins—dishonesty, hypocrisy, and the like. Yet there are cases when compromise is not only more useful than strife, but more in accordance with morality.

If two persons in a law suit can see nothing from the point of view of their opponent, a wise judge may adjust the benefits and the duties by a carefully considered compromise.

In a family the interests of the boys and girls when conflicting may call for a compromise, which though not indulgent to any, yet gives all a fair chance.

I finish with a note of praise for compromise advisedly. For practice is more eloquent than my precepts, and it is only fair to say that even in the examples I have put in the pillory the chief actors lost no honour, but gained rather place and pay.

HYPOCRISY

UNLIKE compromise, the word hypocrisy is not held in honour, but that by no means implies that it is less sedulously practised. There is even a little hypocrisy in affecting to regard it with disfavour.

> "Oh, for a forty-parson power
> To chant thy praise, Hypocrisy,"

Byron cries.

The poet was ostracized from the English society of his period, but when we read passages like this we are inclined to think that this disgrace was due less to his faults than to his virtues. Hypocrisy is as subtle and all-permeating as the air we breathe; our whole modern ethical life seems to me to be bathed in an atmosphere of hypocrisy.

An English writer once took up with me an unexpected attitude on this point; he defended hypocrisy. He declared that it was the current coin of society, and that therefore it justified its existence. But when he argued he dwelt principally on the advantages of preserving the decencies of life, the pleasant even if somewhat insincere modes of intercourse, and other

conventions in that order of ideas. But all this is different from hypocrisy.

When a man is bolstering up a great building company of which the finances are precarious, he may wish to obtain confidence and to reassure those who have begun to doubt. He therefore affects a devotion to religion—he teaches in a Sunday school, he becomes a vestryman in his church, and in all his conversation he lays stress on the most admirable Christian sentiments. When such a man is at length laid by the heels, after ruining thousands, and when it is shown that his proceedings have been fraudulent, and that his life has been little in accord with his professions, then the world is content at his downfall. All are glad to see him punished, not only for his crimes, but also for his hypocrisy. I am citing an actual case, but with little variation thousands of such examples may be met with in every city.

Yet men have crept to high honours by hypocrisy, and the character of one who became a great light of the Supreme Court of Great Britain was summed up by a colleague who had made his own way by hard work: "There 'e goes, the 'oly 'umbug, 'umming an 'ymn."

Next to religion, patriotism is the sentiment most often exploited. This is still the happy hunting ground of the humbug, and when the words are understood in this sense of falsity most of us can endorse Dr. Johnson's dictum, "Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel"—except, indeed, in those cases when it is his first profession.

The hypocrite figures prominently in literature. In the New Testament he is already held up to con-

tempt, and the honest soul of John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress," pours detestation on the pretender. Molière, the great French dramatist, has drawn a type that has become a commonplace in France—Tartuffe; and Dickens has made the hypocrite one of his most odious characters—Uriah Heep. The hypocrite has few friends, but, if any, he has too many.

WIT

WE have considered certain of the cardinal virtues of life, and with hypocrisy we may take leave of its faults. In wit we meet not necessarily a virtue, but certainly one of the graces.

Wit is something more than a gymnastic trick of the intellect; true wit implies a beam of thought into the essence of a question, a flash that lights up a situation. Wit suggests the delicate but delightful play of a rapier in the hands of a master.

The meaning of wit has been misunderstood, and some people seem to think that it consists in punning or in uttering sharp and rather offensive sayings. These people I would call half-witty. Let us be charitable enough to forget them.

Certainly wit may at times flash out in a pun, as, for example, where a man who had made money in Dublin as a tobacconist, but who was known to be ignorant and vulgar, set up a coach and pair. He wanted a family motto in Latin, and Curran, the famous orator, supplied it, "Quid rides," which besides its apparent meaning is translated, "What are you laughing at?"

The wittiest nations are undoubtedly the French and the Irish. In Paris and in Dublin wit is cultivated; it is one of the exports. But these capitals have no monopoly of this shining material.

Jules Claretie, the director of the Comédie Française, once remarked that "good sense is the backbone of wit"; and I have since observed in what excess the invertebrates outnumber the nobler genus; but as that is in the order of nature we may as well suffer these patiently if not gladly. Yet when the true touch comes, what consolation!

One of the most charming displays of wit I know is that recorded of Lola Montez, the celebrated actress, who created a furore in Australia in the early days of gold mining. She was once acting at Bendigo, which was then hardly more than a mining camp. A flash of lightning struck the stage and burnt up one of the centre props of the ceiling. The audience got a fright, but Lola Montez, who had not lost her nerve for a moment, came laughing forward and remarked, "They have big effects in this theatre." The wit was as electrical as the lightning. The diggers responded by throwing nuggets on the stage.

When we look through the literature of the ages we find that the great wits are rare. The famous wit of the Greeks was Diogenes. His pungent sayings have savour even in our own day. Yet he was beaten once by Plato, for when he entered the great philosopher's academy and stood upon the carpet he exclaimed contemptuously, "Thus do I trample on the pride of Plato." And Plato retorted at once, "With greater pride, O Diogenes."

Less known is the story of Aristotle. Diogenes,

sitting by the wayside where he knew the Stagyrite would pass, offered him a fig which was rotten. Aristotle took it. The keen thought of Aristotle pierced the trap and cheated Diogenes out of his biting sarcasm. There was wit in that.

Cicero has a collection of witticisms, but they lack the Greek subtle quality. Bacon has also a little budget of jests told in a style so stiff and mannered as to convince any doubter that the good Chancellor could never have written the scenes of Falstaff. King James, he relates, was driving through London. He asked what city it was, and he was told London. After some time he inquired again where he was, and again he was told London.

"Odds bodikins," cried his Majesty, "then I will be king of London!"

French literature, the annals of French society, even French history, all sparkle with wit. The history of France could be written in inverted commas. In the days of the later kings, particularly Louis XIV, to have wit meant to have talent; it was the "universal tool."

Pope in his artificial manner, Sterne with an air of point and grace, and Byron in the wonderful play of his genius, have something of the French esprit, and in our day Elinor Glyn in her "Visits of Elizabeth."

Some of the sayings of Sheridan, the author of "The School for Scandal," are almost as famous as his plays. His wit had often a sardonic turn. On one occasion, when he was lessee of Drury Lane, a play was being produced which had appeared to him rather wooden. After the second act, which had not gone

brilliantly, there was a long delay, but a sound was heard as of a carpenter sawing a plank.

"What is that?" inquired a friend of Sheridan.

"I think," he replied, "they are cutting out the third act."

One does not expect intelligence from a "dude" who spends the best part of his days thinking of the fit of a coat, but two famous English dandies, George Selwyn and Beau Brummell, were noted for their wit. Brummell had quarrelled with George IV; he had not appreciated a coat which George had designed, and the royal fop was becoming bad-tempered as the result of over-indulgence telling on his much-praised good figure.

He met Beau Brummell walking with a companion, "Jack" Lee, in St. James's Street and he cut him, and in order to make the act more conspicuous he stopped Lee to speak to him. Brummell waited, and then half-turning on his heel he asked, loud enough for the company to hear, "Well, Jack, who's your fat friend?"

Selwyn's wit is more difficult to appreciate. One must visualize the circumstances and recall the figure and dress and style of this exquisite decadent. Coming home from his club in the grey streaks of the morning, his head filled with the dregs of his gambling passions and the fumes of the wines of France, he met a couple of apprentice sweeps. He stopped them. "Ah," he said graciously, "I have often heard of the Majesty of the people; are your Majesties in court mourning?"

American wit has always been of high quality. That was a great stroke of John Randolph, of

Roanoke, who after listening to the abuse of a new member of Congress began by praising the gentleman's predecessor, and then pointing with his finger dramatically, expressed himself grieved to see his seat "vacant."

Wit is a shining instrument, not to be displayed without cause, but delightful when it flashes out at the right moment of time.

HUMOUR

WIT is the flash of a somewhat artificial product; humour is the native growth of the soul. If the French and the Irish are the wittiest, the English and the Spaniards offer us the richest examples of humour.

Humour originally meant the manner in which the individual regarded his experiences. In the old medical books there is much talk of the humours, which were the moistures or fluids of animal bodies. The state of mind was thought to depend on those fluids. Nowadays in our wisdom we laugh at these old doctrines; but we have rejected them too completely—they had a basis of truth. It happened that the temperament of a man was subject to variations. His humour might be gay, or melancholy, or serene; it referred to the "humours" which determined the mood. The sense was rather that which we now describe as the "atmosphere" of books.

The liveliest and most agreeable of these was the jocose humour, and the result has been that the term is now almost always applied to something laughter-provoking. That, by the way, offers a hint to writers;

the story that produces gaiety and mirth is the more likely to be treasured in memory.

Many learned philosophers have tried to define humour and to search for its origins, but I am not satisfied with the explanations of any. Kant, the famous German thinker, says that it consists in the downfall of a highly wrought expectation. A preacher is in the midst of an ambitious sentence; he cries, "And the wicked shall go down——" And at that moment he loses his balance and falls; we laugh.

The simplest example of all this is when somebody goes to take a seat and it is pulled from under him, so that he suddenly sits on the floor. The most elaborate literary forms of humour will be found to be variations of this model.

It should be added to Kant's definition that the collapse of the expectation should not be too painful. If, for example, the preacher suddenly dropped dead, it would be called a tragic rather than a humorous incident. By instituting various degrees of the unpleasant we could form a sort of a humour-meter.

Three Burmese were once watching an English gunboat going up a river. A shell fired from the boat took off the head of the middle one; the other two roared with laughter. Here the sense of humour was highly developed.

It is said that a certain Irishman who was being flogged laughed heartily whenever the lash fell. He explained subsequently that they had got hold of the wrong man. Most people would have felt aggrieved, but Pat was generously endowed with saving grace.

These remarks explain why the stern or resistant people—the English, the Spanish, and, I think we are

bound to add, the Scottish, the Irish, and the American—have a great sense of humour.

The humour of the story of "Don Quixote" consists in the comment of the plain, unimaginative man Sancho Panza when brought face to face with idealism as represented by Don Quixote.

The humour of Carlyle's famous book "Sartor Resartus" (The Tailor Re-tailored) is derived from a philosophical consideration. Carlyle was saturated with the metaphysics of Kant and Fichte, and they taught that what we see and know are but external appearances of "things in themselves." Our visible world is but the covering of an inner reality. Carlyle thereupon takes the opposite point of view and humorously gives to ordinary clothes a deep spiritual significance. As this is carried out with great spirit and with rare artistic sense, the result is a gem of literature. Read, for example, the immortal walk down Monmouth Street (Petticoat Lane), where Carlyle affects to mistake the old Jew with three hats on his head as a Pope with triple tiara.

O. Henry often produced an effect of humour by an unexpected ending, and immediately after brought in another surprise. This has been called O. Henry's double kick. The varieties of humour are endless; there is, luckily, enough for all.

CONVERSATION

WHAT politeness is to personal magnetism, so conversation is to wit and humour. These parts are not in the gift of all, but most of us can deal with the small change of conversation.

Conversation is one of the most neglected of arts. Art? Yes, certainly. The essence of art is to show in a high state of perfection the types of things which we meet with in our daily life; hence the masterpieces of sculpture, painting, music and the drama.

But these we encounter only occasionally, whereas conversation is always with us. Its agreeable or displeasing quality goes far to make the happiness of our lives.

Perhaps one reason why conversation is so neglected is that there seems no means of obtaining payment for one of its little gems. If an artist, say like Greuze, paints a charming head of a young woman, and any of us would like to possess it, he can say: "Yes, give me five pounds or the equivalent, and it is yours." It is more difficult to say: "Give me five pounds, and I will please you with my remarks." At one time in Ireland the old story-tellers

were sure of a meal and a night's lodging at least on these terms.

In the days of Edmund Burke there was a man known as "Conversation Sharp," who had made a study of the art, and who was fairly well appreciated. He possessed no great mental power, and his skill consisted partly in leading the conversation into channels where he could shine.

The most successful in conversation is he who takes up his hearer's point and willingly discusses and illuminates the problems that are teasing him or her, diffusing over all at length something of his own optimistic atmosphere. Such an effort demands patience, intelligence, sincerity, and real work; but how can one be master of any art on cheaper terms?

Talkers there have been always—they still exist—and some of the most brilliant of these—Macaulay, Sydney Smith—have left enduring fame. But they monopolized the talk. They gave forth in monologues. Sydney Smith and Macaulay met—"two such brilliant talkers"—but the result was not splendid. They parted, and each uttered hard words of the other.

Sterne in his heyday was invited out—"fourteen deep" the invitations were—on account of his brilliancy at table. Byron's conversation, at his best, was magical.

Sheridan was very witty; his wit was often biting, but he was considerate in company, and he endeavoured on parting to make his last words pleasant to remember.

Lincoln was great in conversation. It was said to be an education in itself to sit with him on a log.

Carlyle was a delightful talker when in the vein, and when not antagonized. He has also left an account, not without a touch of malice, of Coleridge's extraordinary dreamland soliloquies. Robbie Burns was also noted for the captivating verve and force of his talk. Lady Gordon said that he swept her off her feet.

These are good examples, yet even among them there are few great conversationalists.

And now I will give the most precious hint available for all of us: Be a good listener. Your companion will appreciate you. He will even tell others how you shine in conversation.

ORATORY

ORATORY is a conversation with a crowd; the replies of the crowd are felt rather than heard, and the speech develops so as to mould and transform and dominate the sentiments that seem to arise spontaneously.

Atmosphere: that is the first word, and it should also be the last, in oratory. The great speaker creates his atmosphere, he plays on the audience as on a lute of a thousand strings, and he pleases as he plays.

Oratory often produces a shout of admiration or a smile which is not so appreciative. We have come to attribute to oratory something artificial, shallow, even spurious. Rhetoric is a word which has gradually descended the scale.

This seems regrettable. Oratory is one of the greatest of the arts. The Romans, who in their ultra-practical spirit rather despised the graces, cultivated oratory assiduously. Julius Cæsar paid great attention to the practice of this art, and he proved that a great soldier may be a great speaker. Napoleon followed suit, and, may we say—at whatever interval we please—the German Kaiser.

Besides, though oratory is not so highly esteemed

as it might be, yet it stands in no great need of commendation; in various countries—England, France, and the United States—I have seen men rise to high offices on little merit other than their "gift of the gab." A great talker can afford to be a mediocre thinker, as far as practical success is concerned.

Every man speaks a good deal, at some kind of function or other, and though to make of a boy a painter or a blacksmith it is found necessary to apprentice him to a master, or otherwise teach him the trade, yet he is left to pick up his oratory haphazard. That is perhaps the reason why there are more good blacksmiths than pleasing orators. Of course, we may be reminded that in art a certain inspiration, which cannot be taught, may occasionally be found. That is true of painters, and yet the most inspired painter must spend years learning his technique.

In oratory a like study and practice will also be found invaluable. If the elements that go to make good oratory be considered, it will be found that they are all susceptible of cultivation.

The voice may be trained so as to increase its efficacy enormously. An orator should be as serious regarding his voice as a tenor singer. Most orators shout, and they shout in one key; that is fatiguing both to the orator and to his audience. The voice should have a wide range both as to notes and to volume. The voice should be capable of expressing all moods, and particularly it should be clear in enunciation. These matters are taught in schools of elocution, but the elocutionist often errs by making his art too obtrusive. The most telling voice is that

in which the art is concealed. The notes and tones of the voice should never tend to excite the antagonism or resistance of an audience.

Then the personal appearance and the gestures should be studied, and improved step by step. If anyone doubt this he must be extraordinarily well pleased with his appearance and his gestures; he will be happy if the audience shares his views.

The speech itself should be as carefully considered as a passage of music which is to be played; more so, for the orator has to create the music.

The speech should not be composed *in vacuo;* it should be prepared in view of the kind of audience to whom it is to be addressed. If the audience is an unknown quantity the speech should be prepared with several variants, and should be adaptable. It should, as Aristotle remarked, have a beginning, a middle, and an end, that is to say, the argument should be regularly and progressively conducted. The end is important.

Good manuals and talented elocutionists may be found anywhere to teach the whole art of oratory; but they nearly all err by aiming at a sort of mechanical perfection. Oratory demands a subtler art, namely, that which consists in persuading, not in shining: that which draws sympathy to an endeavour to win the goodwill of the audience.

I say to the aspiring orator: Do not make your utterance too smooth and polished and facile. An audience is ready to sympathize with one who finds a difficulty in the way and it rejoices to see the impediment overcome.

I know a famous Cabinet Minister whose voice is

defective, who stammers abominably, and who makes capital out of these defects. It is as if we were to see a dog trying to waltz: he does it badly; then, if suddenly caught up in the inspiration of the music he does it well, we are swept off our feet in rapture. So with the orator.

Therefore take the rules of the elocutionist with a grain of salt. If you have a provincial accent, especially the strong rich Doric of Scotland, rejoice in your treasure; if you have a strange gesture, do not eliminate it, utilize it; if you are in some way remarkable in appearance, even maimed or deformed, take full compensation; then, in the crisis of your speech, falter, stumble, hesitate with art—then as if struck by a gleam of genius assert yourself, arise, and complete your peroration!

The argument is important, but it should not be obtrusive, nor should the manner be didactic; the strong argument should rather give evidence in the structure, the texture of the speech, and the array of facts of which the good orator appears superabundantly possessed.

If you find your audience in sympathy, they will supply the defects of your argument, or even excuse you for the default. If you offend your audience, then the reasoning of Euclid or the words of Holy Writ will not convince them.

Be solicitous then rather to understate than to overstate your case, and avoid the irritating formulæ so beloved by the second-rate finger-wagging speakers in Parliament: "Now what I really *do* mean to say is this. . . ."

Above all, be positive, not negative; seek to laugh

at an opponent rather than to denounce him; carry on your line of thought not by antagonisms, but by attractions. Then finish, not necessarily in declamation, but finish, at all events, before the audience cries, For the love of Mike, Finish!

I once heard a great American senator on the League of Nations. In forty-five minutes he had exhausted the subject; in one hour and a half he had exhausted his audience; in two hours he exhausted himself. . . . An old hand at the House of Commons once advised me: Stand up, speak up, shut up.

ORATORS

FROM oratory to orators the transition is direct. An orator may be inferior to his speech, or superior. The truest art is when he produces the effect of being better than his powers of utterance.

In the orator there is a sense of personality which is so peculiarly elusive that it may not be till he has well entered into his speech that the effect is produced. The intellectual power and the physical attributes are only part of the orator's arsenal; the most subtle and the most telling are the qualities that may be called emotional and moral—qualities of determination, of courage, of audacity, of tact, of attraction. These qualities are hardly definable; but they are felt in the progress of the speech.

An orator is a far more complex being than one who delivers fine sentiments in a well-toned voice. A hundred factors go to form his make-up, and it is rarely indeed that any but a small proportion of them are found in high excellence. If a hundred marks were to be given for perfection, then I have never known the orator who could earn fifty.

Of all I have heard in many lands the figure of

Jaurès, the French Socialist leader—"The Tribune of Europe"—stands out most boldly. His speeches streamed out like a torrent with abundance of images and appropriate words, delivered in a magnificent round and rolling voice. His defects were an insufficiency of modulation, a limitation of the scale of notes, a lack of convincing argument.

Next to him I would place the celebrated American politician, W. J. Bryan. He had a fine presence, bold gestures, a voice powerful yet finely modulated, and a striking manner of presenting his thoughts. The deficiencies that I found were that the matter of the speech was spangly rather than solid, and that the effects were not produced in crescendo movements.

Demosthenes, the Athenian, who is generally considered as the greatest orator of antiquity, was once asked the secret of his art. He replied: "Action! Action! Action!"

Now, as the man of words is often contrasted with the man of action, I was, I confess, puzzled when I first heard of this saying. After a study of the famous oration, "On the Crown," I saw the meaning.

In that speech Demosthenes was really pleading for his life on the strength of his whole previous policy and efforts. He was addressing an assembly, the Areopagus, which had been previously influenced against him, and he was fighting an uphill battle against the growing power of Philip of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great. Starting, therefore, from a basis of personal disfavour, and in view of the menace to Athens for which the whole tenor of his previous speeches had been judged responsible,

Demosthenes began by a modesty of expression that went far to dispel the personal prejudice.

He proceeded to show the motives of his previous efforts, the effects and the causes of failure; he gave a serious and thorough exposition of these matters; he asserted that he was actuated only by the love of their common country and city; he made a few allusions to his enemy Æschines, and, finding that the impression had been deep enough, he suddenly turned upon him, attacked him in the liveliest style, laughed at him, and drove him out of the arena in derision. Then with strong appeals to sentiment, recalling the past glories of Athens, he won his auditors to approbation, played on this note till he had charmed them, and finally carried them along with him in his swelling and sweeping triumph.

This speech was a veritable campaign; each strategic point in his plan had to be won in succession by skilful attack, and when the point was gained the orator moved to the next consecutive step. Here was Action! Action! Action!

This speech is a model for all time. It should be read either in the original or in Kennedy's translation. Lord Brougham, himself a famous orator and Greek scholar, has given a translation in Parliamentary phrasing that takes the sap away from the speech and makes this masterpiece sound both pretentious and flat.

The speeches of Cicero, who studied those of Demosthenes, seem to me much inferior. At first glance they may read as well, if not better; but they give the impression of artistic rhetoric obtained at the expense of real power of convincing.

When Cicero had finished a speech the people said, "What a great orator!" When Demosthenes finished they said, "Let us fight Philip." Most of the Parliamentary orators I have heard have modelled themselves on the Ciceronian type.

Burke is the great exemplar in British political literature, but I do not share the general admiration. His speeches shine with the spangles of rhetoric, but he is pedantic and mannered and pretentious; he often loses that sense of contact with his audience which is one of the secrets of the orator's art. Burke also laboured under the disadvantage of a bad voice, like "a battered tin can," and an unimpressive presence.

I have read a good many of the speeches of those days, and the orator who seems to me best to bear the test of time is Sheridan. His speeches have a bold free turn, yet a witty manner, and the texture and argument are more solid than one might have anticipated. Sheridan had a good presence and a graceful manner, but his voice had a muffled timbre as if his tongue were too large for his mouth.

Of moderns in Parliament Gladstone is the most famous. He had a striking appearance, and an easy sense of command of the House; his voice was deep and grave, with a strong provincial accent, and his manner had plenty of fire. Yet his speeches, with their long tortuous sentences, do not read particularly well.

Mr. Asquith is impressive, or rather, was, in his heyday, beyond his real merits as an orator.

Here comes in a little point worth noticing. A good speech in the House of Commons, on account

of the style of that assembly, means generally a speech with a great party behind it. The stage management is perfect, the audience is attuned, the claque is responsive, and phrases stimulating to party spirit count for much more than reason.

Mr. Asquith had the look and style of the "noble father" of high-class comedy. His voice was muffled and flat, his passages well-phrased but never spontaneous or inspirational; but on the whole he was wonderfully impressive. His speeches do not bear the test of re-reading.

Mr. Lloyd George is one of the most successful in regard to the influence of his speeches on great occasions; but neither his language, nor the course of his argument, nor the mastery of style, is of the best quality. His style is very uneven. Amidst tawdry expressions come suddenly poetic and brilliant phrases —carefully thought out in preparation; he has lights and shades, flashes of wit and humour; then turgid passages out of which he struggles with difficulty; and then, with all the will to convince, and with striking though somewhat inappropriate dramatic gesture, he turns his defeat to a triumph.

Among American orators the highest praise has been accorded to Lincoln. He wrought his effects by a peculiar personal genius—that of a sincere good man, of complete personal integrity, winning ordinary souls to a fine ideal by leading them along the path he had taken. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech stands as a work of genius—simple means and few words producing a profound and abiding influence.

VANITY

THE sympathy which is the essence of politeness and which gives the listening ear to the orator breaks into excess in vanity.

"Vanity," said Sheridan, the famous wit and dramatist, "vanity is the deepest motive that moves men."

This remark seems cynical at first sight, but the more we reflect on the experiences of life the truer it will prove to be, and the less disrespectful to our human race.

Plutarch in his famous "Lives" contrasts the characters of Alcibiades and Coriolanus, showing the fault of the brilliant Greek to have been that of overweening vanity, while that of Coriolanus was pride; he gives the palm to Alcibiades. When I first read this I was, I confess, a little shocked, for I admired the strong and virile qualities. Now I lean to Alcibiades.

Certainly vanity is apt to inspire contempt, but that becomes immediately tempered by a gentler and more gracious feeling; for the vain man desires to win our approbation, and in this way he flatters us.

Cæsar describes the ancient Gauls as vain, and when I think of the nations who exhibit that quality

in its purity, my mind comes irresistibly to the Celts of to-day, particularly the French and the Irish. Not wholly bad, vanity has led the French and the Irish to deeds of dazzling glory.

Then again, think of Oliver Goldsmith, the poet who displayed more "human nature" than any other —poor old Noll, mingling with the street crowds to hear his own songs sung and praised. We are amused, but we give him our affection as we smile.

In the House of Commons once I remarked—as is not unusual among members—"That was a good speech of yours, X."

"Oh! Was it?" cried my friend ecstatically. "I am so glad you admired it. May I tell my wife?"

I gave the permission, seeing that at least three people would be pleased. Here was a display of vanity almost childish, yet I felt that it was a weakness that leaned to virtue's side.

And now again I revise my positions. Cæsar. who smiled at the vanity of the Gauls, was himself exceptionally vain. He was the first to wear sleeves to the wrist, decorated with frills, and he was pleased to put on a laurel crown to conceal his baldness.

Socrates said to Antisthenes the cynic, who mocked at human weakness, "Antisthenes, I see your vanity peeping through the holes in your garment."

Vanity is there for all climes and all constitutions. The Spanish bull-fighter shows vanity in all its artistic beauty. He is excelled only by the Spanish criminal. All criminals are vain. Most athletes whom I have met have been very vain. Monarchs are vain, but in them it is the more excusable in that they live in an atmosphere of flattery.

Louis XIV thought that Providence would think twice before removing a person of his quality. Beaconsfield, who was an adept at flattery, declared that he could lay it on with a trowel for royalty. He made flattery of Queen Victoria an instrument of power. The Kaiser's vanity was one of the driving motives of the European war.

Historians and moralists are fond of contrasting Napoleon's address to his soldiers in Egypt, "From yonder pyramids forty generations are looking down on your actions," with Nelson's signal at Trafalgar, "England expects every man to do his duty." The contrast, I submit, is artificial. The sailors of Nelson interpreted their duty as the desire to do well in the eyes of a beloved leader; Napoleon appealed to the same sentiment.

I have used the expression "childish vanity." Children are vain because their elders, their guides and mentors, are vain. They should not be too severely reproved for displays of vanity, for in this there is usually a great spice of affection and a fine spirit of aspiration. Vanity should be reproved when it causes a man to forgo a principle of honour or a duty of good citizenship.

Poets, actors, musicians and singers are notoriously vain. Vanity is easily forgiven, for we are all vain, and even as we laugh at the weakness of others we feel that their vanity has touched the responding chord of our own.

POINT OF HONOUR

IN contrast with vanity is the point of honour. The motive here is less a desire to please than to put a high valuation on one's own code of conduct; yet if it be looked at closely a spice of vanity is nearly always found.

A point of honour is excellent when it is the high peak and sign of honesty. In many cases, however, it is an excuse for evading ordinary duties.

The point of honour has been always most in vogue in dissolute courts, from Henry II of France to Charles II of England and to George IV.

Sheridan, the improvident, was notorious for his debts, and for the devices to which he was driven to avoid payment of these vulgar obligations.

One day his butcher called on him. Sheridan put him off with the usual excuses. "But," cried the butcher at length, "you pay your gambling debts." The wit replied, "Yes, they are debts of honour." Thereupon the butcher threw his bill in the fire and said, "Now my debt is a debt of honour." Sheridan paid him.

All this would have been brilliant except for the sordid side that lay beneath the show and affectation

of etiquette. A witty remark does not recompense others for their labour, nor does the cant of men about town dispose of the foundations of morality. It is better to be an honest man than to be punctilious in regard to a fashionable code.

The point of honour has come down to us from the feudal times. Those days were so brilliant in some respects, mainly superficial, and the word chivalry has been so inspiriting ever since that it seems ungrateful to desire a clearer light on their veritable standards of morality.

They were the days when great men could not write their names and when they played music with the fist, and when the rewards of power and pomp and of love were given to the qualities that we find now among professional boxers. Those qualities were magnificent, but they do not wholly compensate for the ignorance and brutality and violation of right that were prevalent. But the point of honour was strong —except in love and war, and in regard to the low traffic of tradesmen. But love and war and robbery were the main pursuits of the great barons, so that their code absolved them from the main ethical duties, and gave them full acquittal if they but observed the pompous ritual of their class.

Hence in our days gamblers and, on the Continent, duellists and the like, are the chief guardians of the point of honour.

The O'Gorman Mahon, as he was called, a romantic figure in recent Irish history, once challenged Parnell to a duel because the Irish leader had robbed Captain O'Shea of the affection of his wife. It was the O'Gorman Mahon who had introduced

Parnell to the family, and he wished to neutralize the wrong. Here was a case where the point of honour, although somewhat theatrically expressed, showed high spirit, especially as the picturesque exponent of the doctrine was about eighty, and yet willing to "pay with his body."

As a rule, beware of the man who is loud on the point of honour. If he be not honest the point of honour is a sham; if he be honest through and through, then that admirable quality is generally sufficient.

Yet I cannot close without a parting word of admiration—in its purity and at its best—of the point of honour.

KINDNESS

THE point of honour seems to belong to a plane remote from kindness, but if in the same generous soul they be found, then indeed we have a perfect knight. But kindness is too fine a feeling to be embellished even by the plumes of chivalry.

Some privileges are free to all, and kindness is one of the most blessed of these. It is not necessary to be rich in order to be kind. Those who have suffered, who have known poverty or oppression, are generally the most prone to kindness. Perhaps it is well to endure some misery if only to learn this lesson.

I have had the opportunity of seeing my life spun like a frescoed ribbon before my mental gaze; those scenes gave me pleasure anew and deep solace where I had been able to render some kindness to others; those where I had neglected the chance, especially in the case of beings whose hands I could touch no more, whose eyes would never greet mine again, gave me poignant regret. Be therefore kind, even for your own happiness; not as a duty, but as a quick and lively feeling "to imprint with passion every hour with kindly thought."

Kindness does not necessarily take the form of money-giving; that is one of the most perfunctory ways of discharging social obligations. A word, a glance, a little personal service, often means much to someone overcharged with tasks and weary with disappointments. A pleasant smile from a woman, and none the less if she be good-looking, may do much to lighten the chains of a galley slave of our commercialized society.

On the other hand, some people seek to be kind only to the rich and powerful. It often happens that these are in need of it; but this is too restricted a circle in which to confine our attentions.

There is one precious feature in acts of kindness; they give pleasure to the giver as well as to the receiver. Oliver Goldsmith, who was the soul of kindness, has a verse:

> "To press the bashful stranger to his food,
> And learn the luxury of doing good."

His friend Dr. Johnson, who was a rough, burly man, had learnt kindness in the school of adversity. After he had become fairly well off and renowned, he used sometimes to walk out in the poor quarters of London, where children at that time might be found sleeping by the footpath. The gruff doctor would quietly slip pennies in the hands of these waifs, so that in waking a glad surprise would meet them.

Another story is that he used to provide oysters for his cat "Hodge," and as he thought servants might object to going errands for a cat, he bought the oysters himself.

When I was a student my professor of engineering said to me that he thought amongst the finest verses in all poetry were those of Coleridge:

> "He prayeth well, who loveth well
> Both man and bird and beast."

I did not think so very much of these lines at the time; but more and more they have become impressed on my mind, and often have I thought with gratitude of the good old homespun student of science who called them to my understanding.

It is related of Mahomet that once setting out on a journey he saw his cat asleep on the sleeve of his coat, and that the prophet had the sleeve cut off in order not to disturb her.

This story made no particular impression on my mind as an argument for the truth or falsity of Mahometanism, but it showed me how a fine act lives in the world's history. The lives not only of countless animals, but especially of countless men, have been sweetened by that kindly deed.

Byron in his "Don Juan" relates how that young man, far from faultless indeed, risked his life in the shipwreck to save his dog. That passage made me cleave to Don Juan like a brother, and to Byron.

Some people are kind to dogs but not to cats. Remember that we have brought these beautiful little animals into our domestic life, and that we owe them something. The cat has a more independent spirit and a more refined character than the dog, but to say that the cat is incapable of affection or gratitude is abominably false. A cat is a kind of domestic

barometer, which tells of the character of the owner. Happy they who are loved by their cats. Kindness to animals should be taught day by day in our national schools.

I know a lady who is graceful in figure, beautiful in face, well educated, witty. She has a quality superior to all these—she is kind.

LOVE

KINDNESS is of the liquor of love, but a ferment must have passed through it, and the effect of that ferment depends on climate.

The sudden passionate lover comes from the warm South, from the torrid home of the Moors, the dreamy azure sky of Italy, or the olive groves of Spain—"Land of romance, land of the deathless scroll."

There the young women are kept secluded and the sexes are like the conductors of two opposite electricities: a glance, a casual lifting of a veil, a dangling of a rose—and the flash has passed, the explosion bursts. This wild and passionate love has an incomparable beauty of its own.

Picture first of all the beauty of the girl—the swaying graceful movements of the form, the bright face glowing with the flames of youth, the lustrous dark eye that melts, and beams, and dazzles, entrances, and shoots glances that madden in the blood; then the languorous wistful mood, and the appealing gaze: what if it be but for a few moments of inextinguishable joy? What is a life to this? To love and to be loved with the sudden seizure, the quick passion, the fierce cry of the heart, the devotion to death!

Yes, let us feel even for once amid the drab years, and the drizzle and the fog; let us know that once in the hour of radiant sunshine, or in the dreamy thrilling mystery of a moonlight night, two human beings have throbbed in all the beauty and glory of that passion that wins and fascinates and sends through the heart the iron of its commands.

The violent, passionate, romantic, and tragic loves are those of immediate onset. Shakespeare, re-echoing Marlowe, cries: "Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?" Here we have the *Romeo and Juliet* drama, so often repeated, where one deep overmastering passion sweeps away all other smaller motives.

Such passions, however, often burn themselves out rapidly, especially in the Southern climate where they are most apt to take flame. Even in colder latitudes we find that the girl who has run away with the handsome young lord in disguise, this same girl is suing for a divorce the same man, Sergeant Smith, whose mother keeps a respectable laundry in Shoreditch.

Love is a composite. Even when it is a case of love at first sight, it has been produced as a result of a great number of different feelings and emotions. Among these may be mentioned admiration, sympathy, the correspondence to some ideal already formed in the mind; then, when acquaintance grows, simple acts either of protection, of gratitude; the aspiration for a higher plane of life; and lastly association and propinquity.

Lever, the Irish novelist, in his later novels gives the palm to propinquity. Certainly all attractions increase with the lessening of the distance, and the daily habit of attention and admiration and mutual

little kindnesses tends to produce a strong bond of affection.

True love survives all shocks: an affection originally produced by admiration for unusual beauty may not only survive the loss of that beauty, but may become more intense if the beauty has changed into ugliness through causes that bind the lovers together in tender associations.

More than one plain girl who has fallen in love with a handsome young soldier has found a peculiar and unexpected joy in bringing happiness to a wreck of a man, without legs or eyes, shattered in his devotion to duty.

Early associations and the ideals then formed are of great influence throughout life. Descartes, the philosopher, always felt attracted to girls who squinted, because when he was a boy a girl had once looked at him obliquely but tenderly over a garden wall.

It will be found always, too, that the strength of love depends less on the object of the affection than on the "subjective feelings" of the lover. The passion of John Keats for Fanny Brawne is a romance of literature. She was a commonplace girl, blind to the genius of Keats and little appreciative of him in any form; but through her inspiration and in her honour Keats poured forth some of the most beautiful and deeply moving verses ever penned by man.

Many of the factors that produce love go to form friendship between two of the same sex, and those bonds of affection may be stronger than life. But love reaches its highest when between those of opposite sex, and this sentiment is the staple of

modern literature. Modern love is to some degree a product of poetry or of the novels. Human people of pristine vigour know less of this, but with them affections, if less violent in expression, are often more real and deep.

We must rejoice when love is great, and pardon its excess, for love is the staff of life, and life without love is life in vain.

HATE

THE antithesis of love is hate. In hate we have the two charged electrical conductors, but they are charged with the same kind of electricity.

Hate is a stronger passion than love. That is the theme of a little story of Maurice Barrès, the celebrated French novelist and academician, and appropriately he lays the scene in Spain. The clime of Spain is the habitat of the strong, virile, or romantic passions.

A young woman had been betrayed, and her love turned to hate. To achieve revenge she threw everything into the scale—her honour, her safety, her life—and at length she glutted her hate in the murder of the man who had been her all in all.

One reason of the superior force of hate is that it is a real passion; whereas the ideal forms of love have, except in special cases, the air of being indoctrinated into our minds by teachers, ethical masters, poets, novelists.

Love is often represented in poems and novels as anæmic and characterless and stagnant. The hero and heroine are generally insipid personages or mere lay figures. In this love we are fed with a sort of moral

semolina, but hate has fibre and blood. Hate has reference to the life-preserving faculties, whereas love is something superadded to our possibilities of life. In the old days, especially where contests meant the life or death of the combatants, hate flourished in good soil.

Hate is a composite, like love; but it arises so suddenly and violently that it may seem spontaneous. Animals hate not only those of other species, but sometimes their own. I knew two race-horses who hated each other cordially, and who used to say so in loud neighs even across the race-course. Also I knew a dog, a rough-looking but good-natured fellow, who hated another dog and all who resembled him. He kept up a vendetta against these other dogs, and even if he did not see one of them for six months he did not seem to soften—on the contrary. The hated dog had once taken rather a mean advantage of him when he was a puppy, and when he had "grown to his paws" he remembered the offence.

Think of the passions that go to nourish hatred—clash of interests, ugliness, unlikeness in appearance, styles, tastes, jealousy, envy—one wonders almost how we can get along without hate.

Dr. Johnson said he liked a good hater, and he was a good hater himself. Byron, on the other hand, cries: "Why do they hate such a hateless thing as me?" On the whole, Byron, as a world figure, was a stronger man than Johnson, and I am inclined to like his style best.

Hatred is really contrary to something that lies at the basis of our civilization—the advantages of co-operation among men—and this depends on the constitution of the world and of our own natures.

Hate engenders hate. Hate spreads to nations, and from this cause we have devastating wars. In the contemplation of these wars and their origins there is something humiliating to our human race. No Hymn of Hate can ever be a pæan of humanity.

The hatred of superiority in others is a deplorable sentiment, but it is one of the most difficult to eradicate. Milton has a remarkable passage on this subject in "Paradise Lost," in which he depicts the rancour and at the same time the misery of the man who rages against someone better than himself, who is baffled again and again and yet returns to the charge.

On the other hand, we should not reply to hate by hate. The natural conditions of the world are difficult to us mortals; amongst ourselves we should try to be helpful. To the individual I say: Do not cultivate ill will; even naturally you will find on your hand all that you may wish for of hate.

JEALOUSY

COMPARED with jealousy, hate is a normal and healthy sentiment. Jealousy is one of the wickedest of all the passions. It is that which has been the most fruitful mother of tragedies, murders, and wars. But reprehensible though it is, jealousy is almost rather to be pitied than blamed—its first victims are those who harbour the feeling.

There is no love, it has been said, without jealousy, and jealousy in that regard has the justification of being a guardian of the rights of the lover. The healthful spirit of emulation is also one of the roots from which jealousy springs.

But with all this there is something special in jealousy. It is fostered by selfishness, ignorance, indulgence, and by the sense of inferiority.

Jealousy, in spite of the mad frenzy of its most splendid displays, is a vice of weakness; it arises from a mind whose aspirations and desires are inferior to its accomplishments; it is the child of baulked vanity and failure of courage.

Jealousy is one of the great dramatic sentiments, because beyond a certain point it has no sense of control, not even for the sake of the selfish interests

which originally produced it. It is the pest of certain temperaments, and in some races it is found more frequently than in others. It is not by chance that the great classic example of jealousy, Othello, was a Moor. From the Moors the Spanish have become largely tinged with some of the Eastern temperament, and Spanish life, particularly in its dramatic side, has been often impelled by the force of jealousy.

The Spanish do not trifle with jealousy, and this is the driving force of many of their plays, beautiful in a lurid style with the gleam of the dagger and the stains of blood.

Among the Celts jealousy is apt to flash out, except with the French, who, taking the lessons of their comedies to heart, make sport of the jealous man. I once saw *Othello* played in Paris at the Comédie Française, and it appeared almost ridiculous. The French exponent of Desdemona, Mlle. Lecomte, was so intelligent and so Parisienne that evidently she would, if "on her own," have flicked Othello under the nose with the handkerchief, and finished the whole drama in a laugh.

Artists, actors, singers are notably jealous, because they depend so much on popular favour. An Italian singer once pressed this passion so far as to be jealous of his wife, who also was a singer. He hired men to hiss her at the theatre, and he nearly succeeded in ruining both her and himself.

In another country I have seen a footballer trip a player of his own side in sheer jealousy of a brilliant run; and I have known an orator in Parliament to become intensely unhappy when another had delivered a good speech in aid of the cause they both espoused.

In the greater stage of life wars innumerable have been produced by jealousy. At the famous meeting at the Field of the Cloth of Gold the French king, François I, outshone Henry VIII of England in magnificence and also threw him in a wrestling bout. Mad with jealousy, Henry departed and soon after entered into an alliance with Charles V of Spain and made war on France. That war engendered war. France became the traditional enemy of England. We at the present day are suffering from these follies, and others still worse of more recent date.

From jealousy, Good Lord, deliver us!

PREJUDICE

JEALOUSY and prejudice hunt in couples. Yet let us start fair without a prejudice even against prejudice; let us see its origin and its reason for being.

Prejudice is generally a reprehensible sentiment, but not always so. It may arise as a sort of protective instinct in the individual against something to which his whole physical nature and temperament is opposed. In most cases, however, prejudice has a shallow origin, principally on historical grounds, and in that event every effort should be made to minimize it. This is especially the case where the whole of the surroundings are changed as, for example, when Italians and Serbs, Poles and Czecho-Slovaks, Germans and English and French, find themselves together in a new country like the United States.

Some people have a prejudice against the Jews, and this feeling was evidently rife everywhere throughout Europe during the Middle Ages. It is still an active sentiment of the Arabs, and in Palestine it has produced difficulties in the political settlement of the country. It becomes less and less the more civilized the community. In those countries where

the prejudice against the Jewish race may be said to be non-existent the Jews are themselves of superior quality, being fervid in patriotism and capable of rendering the best service to the State. It has been said by way of paraphrase of an old remark: "Every country has the Jew it deserves."

We find also in some quarters, especially in England, prejudice against the Irish, and as the Irish are a pugnacious people this sentiment is returned with interest. On both sides it is whipped up till it seems like one of the cardinal virtues. It is not merely wrong in itself, but also detrimental to both.

Dr. Johnson had a strong prejudice against the Scottish people, but by the irony of fate he lives mainly because of the admiration and affection of his Scottish biographer, Boswell.

That piquant little work of wisdom, "The Unspeakable Scot," is mainly read, and with a sort of hardy enjoyment, by the successful sons of Caledonia in London. Prejudice against the Welsh has filtered through to our nursery rhymes. Even Americans were at one time the objects of prejudice in Europe, and Lowell wrote a little essay of quaint irony on one aspect of the matter. In the old days the Moslems had a prejudice against blue eyes, blue being the prevailing colour of the eyes of the Crusaders.

One little point of prejudice, amusing in itself, nearly led to Darwin being rejected for the voyage of the *Beagle*. Had he not undertaken that voyage we should have lost the "Origin of Species," and the civilization of the world would have been so much the poorer. Captain Fitzroy, the commander of the *Beagle*, had a strong objection to snub-nosed men,

and as he thought that Darwin came within that category he refused to take him. It required great tact and some pertinacity on Darwin's part to overcome this initial difficulty.

Nowadays people carefully cultivate prejudices against black, yellow, or olive skins. Perhaps it would be as well to give each individual a fair show on his own merits.

In communities long settled the distinction of classes is drawn tightly, and so we get the prejudice of caste. Although England is called a nation of shopkeepers, the prejudice has been nowhere stronger against persons engaged in trade. That sentiment is dying down, partly because the present House of Lords is formed so largely of successful tradesmen, and many of the old aristocracy have had to descend to trade, or worse.

Once, at an athletic meeting, while a high jump was in progress, an old lady sitting next to me was bubbling over with excitement, but something restrained her. At length, as the bar went up and up, she whispered eagerly, "What religion is he?" I gave her an answer that pleased her, and she let herself go in applause. Yet, after all, jumping is not a demonstration of faith.

I will conclude with an argument of which all will feel the force: Consider the prejudices of others, particularly those directed against ourselves; how wicked they seem!

INFLUENCE OF THE MENTAL ON THE PHYSICAL

WE have dealt with affections of the mind—love, hate, jealousy, prejudice—on their own bases; we will now consider the effect of emotions on the body—the influence of the mental on the physical—and from that standpoint again we will be able to study certain curious psychic processes.

To any mental state there corresponds a physical condition; in the technical language of psychology this physical condition is correlated to the mental.[1] The principal seat of the determining physical activities is in the brain, but the whole nervous system, and ultimately the entire physical constitution, must be taken into account. "The whole man thinks."

This reaction of body and mind is mutual. A certain physical disposition is correlated to a certain mental activity; then the physical becomes modified accordingly; then a new mental activity appears. The mental processes are not continuous; they are punctuated into discontinuity by continual reference to the

[1] All these matters are discussed in my "Psychology: A New System," and in the forthcoming "Principles of Psychology."

physical organization; but the processes succeed each other so quickly and so automatically that psychologists often, but wrongly, speak of the mind as a "continuum."

This little explanation will help us to understand the meaning underlying phrases which have the air of mere jargon, and which are really incorrect; as, for example, when psycho-analysts speak of the "unconscious mind."

The terms are in their formal expression contradictory; mind implies consciousness. But what is unconscious, and yet prepares the sequence of mental states, is the physical correlative. It is better therefore to think in the proper terms, for in departing from accuracy many psycho-analysts, and among them the most distinguished, have contrived to talk abominable nonsense.

A fair account of the whole mechanism of the reaction of physical and mental would require a volume. It must suffice here to recognize it in a general way.

A distinguished surgeon among my teachers once related that when he was a small boy his father promised him a pony. This was what he wanted above everything else, and he said that the anticipation made him "sick with joy." He went on to suppose that certain substances corresponded to certain mental states, and that he had eaten up too quickly his joy-ration. This explanation is crude, but, as I remarked on the "humours" in the essay on humour, there is "something in it," though again the real mechanism is highly complicated.

Nothing is more certain than that the physical

condition is influenced by the mental state, but there are limits to the application of the theory.

In the early period of the world war a French regiment came into collision with a superior force of the Germans; after a severe tussle, exhausted and discouraged, the French wavered. They seemed on the point of retiring when a bugler, rushing forward, played the "Marseillaise" with great spirit. The French soldiers were animated with renewed vigour, and they fought with such energy that they drove back the enemy.

In a celebrated boat-race on the Thames for the sculling championship of the world, Beach the Australian and Gadaur the Canadian had beaten each other more than once. Near the finish Beach was on the point of collapse; he had ceased rowing. Just then Gadaur also stopped, exhausted; Beach's trainer called out to him, "A few more strokes, Billy, and you've got it." Beach was electrified. His fatigue vanished. He pulled a few vigorous strokes and won.

When Lucknow was besieged in the Indian Mutiny a Highland regiment marched to its relief. The garrison and the population had been reduced apparently to their last ounce of resistance; then a Scottish maid-servant heard the sound of the pipes floating in the air. She listened, sprang up, and running to the garrison cried, "The Highlanders are coming." The soldiers gained new life. . . . This story, celebrated in the song "Jessie's Dream," illustrates the influence of the emotions on the physical powers.

In these examples we have been dealing with bodily exhaustion, but that is a definite physical

condition. There are many diseases involving nervous depression which are certainly under the influence of mental suggestions, especially those coming from outside.

These diseases are really a kind of fatigue. Hysteria, neurasthenia, and other like states which are known partly by mental indications, have a physical basis. This is the peculiar domain of suggestion. Charcot, the famous French physician and investigator of hypnotism, once had as a patient a bed-ridden girl in whom he could discover no definite injuries. She was deeply religious, and that, he suspected, was the root of the trouble. One day Charcot dressed to represent St. Peter, and in a deep, impressive voice he bade her to rise and walk. She did so.

The application of suggestion is limited. Thus in certain cases of paralysis, or in affections of the hearing or the sight, there may be a definite nerve injury which has produced stoppage of function.

In course of time the process of repair has established communication again, and the nerve paths are ready to take on their work. It may happen that a mental suggestion occurs, either intentionally or unintentionally at this time, and the cure is supposed, though wrongly, to have been produced by such means.

No one by taking thought can add to his stature. Or if a bull-dog bites off the muscles of the calf, it is nōt possible to restore them merely by taking a philosophical view of the injury. So it is with most diseases. They are caused by the ravages of living things, bacteria, which though smaller than bull-dogs

are just as real, and which make up in numbers for their microscopic size. Tuberculosis, for example, is as definitely physical and independent of the will as a bull-dog's bite. The attempt to cure tuberculosis by inducing a kind of faith is not a sign of a higher spirituality, but merely of ignorance.

No doubt a good morale helps the processes of repair in all cases. Even though limited in application, mental influence on physical states is of special interest and of great importance.

PREMONITIONS

THE reactions between body and mind produce conditions of which premonitions are the physical expression. Every anxiety is a mild form of premonition, and from that point the shade deepens till we get the forebodings and hauntings that merge into lunacy.

Premonitions occur, but there is nothing in this occurrence which runs contrary to the known laws of nature. The order of the world, the whirling of the planets on their courses, the great natural phenomena on earth are governed by a certain harmony of things which we express by formulæ, and call "laws of nature."

Human society is part of the general order, and the more our knowledge increases the less we are inclined to believe that the birth or death of princes, the rise or fall of millionaires, are matters that cause the sun to stand still or even produce the appearance of comets in the sky. In the old days an eclipse of the sun meant that something was going wrong with the nation that observed it; "fear of change perplexes monarchs," Milton observes in "Paradise Lost." Nowadays we know that it is brought about

by the moon getting between the earth and the sun, and that this eclipse may be calculated years or even centuries beforehand, and that it does not depend on the fact that a libertine prince is losing control of his business. The stars in their courses are less capricious than the rise and fall of profiteers. There is solid comfort in the heavens.

This being said, it is certain that in history and in everyday life premonitions occur to people, and that their premonitions become verified. The explanation is often that the cause of the premonition is the cause of the disaster. A man's forebodings, for good or bad, are influenced by his general temperament, by his intelligence, by the state of his health, and by the series of experiences which are coming to him at the moment.

If "things are going wrong," if he be incapable of taking a survey of the forces against him, and if he allow himself to drift in the face of the hard blows of fate, and if his health be depressed and his friends and counsellors be discouraged, then he is likely to have a premonition that he will be beaten when the decisive fight takes place. A battle is won or lost in the commander's soul before it is fought.

This will be found to be true in all spheres of life. A bicycle rider has a presentiment that he will be killed in his next run. This really implies that he has lost his nerve. In a previous race he may have just saved himself from a fatal accident; he recognizes that he has been lucky, and he feels that in similar circumstances he could not reckon on the same luck. The chance occurs. Instead of putting forth all his energy he allows himself to fall.

Nero had presentiments from time to time, but Nero's way of life was not such as to secure good friends and happy dreams. He was bound to come to grief sooner or later, and various little symptoms were making that clear to him.

The handwriting on Belshazzar's wall may be but a striking allegory, but every hour of the day the premonitions of the nation's destiny are shown inevitably in the tallies of its physical, mental, and moral ratings.

Lincoln appears to have had some presentiment of his death, but he knew that his policy and his success had excited intense hatred, and that a fanatical spirit was being worked up among desperate men.

Presentiments are of value; the more we see that they occur in the natural order of things, the more will they seem important as signs.

INTUITIONS

PREMONITIONS arise only rarely, and then for the most part with an alarming aspect; intuitions are among the familiar little gods of the hearth, constant and useful.

Intuition is the soul within the soul. Intuitions are real, and they should be received with good attention. In a person of lively mind and sensitive spirit intuitions are a surer guide to the character of others than the records of his life. When it comes down to intrinsic character, goodness of heart and intention, I would rather take the opinion of a child or a dog than trust to the most exaggerated praise in a document.

> "I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
> The reason why I cannot tell,"

is an old rhyme, and the fact that it is handed down from generation to generation proves that it contains a truth often noticed.

Women are generally considered more "intuitive" than men. In the first place, they are more sensitive to social impressions. Secondly, they have a faculty of getting a sort of massed impression, like a com-

posite photograph; whereas men are often carried away by observing in the individual some special aptitude, or the lack of it, to which they attach overweening importance. A man as he appears before the world and the same man as he lets himself down in the quiet security of his own room, may be two different personages. Women have the faculty of seeing or of guessing the real man.

There are certain peoples who have been credited with greater intuition than others—the Celtic race and the gypsies. Of the Celtic, some of the Scottish Highlanders in particular are said to have "second sight." One may believe this without thinking of intuition as something supernatural; it is simply the result of a sensitiveness of temperament, of the high development through continual exercise of qualities possessed by all.

Look at two people in a room, for example. One attracts attention by a confidence of demeanour, a loudness of style, arrogance in insisting on his own views, which he impresses less by argument than by an overbearing manner. He monopolizes the talk.

Another listens patiently, perhaps only interposing a remark now and then, which shows a wide view of things, intelligence and reflection. The expression of this person is sympathetic; the eye has a keen glance but a certain depth of light, the whole manner shows power of thought.

The first of these types is shallow; the second is the intuitive individual who will on occasion utter a saying that will amaze the vulgar man by its far-sightedness and truth.

Intuition is not a weak thing, a sort of consolation

to the outcast on earth. Intuition may be a weapon. Napoleon beat Blücher by knowing intuitively what old "Marshal Forwards" would do.

Yet the role of intuition should not be exaggerated. Recently I have read two biographies of illustrious persons. The Empress Eugénie, we are told, could never apply her mind, she could not reason, she could never read a book through; she had the "intuitive mind." Lord Kitchener, his admiring biographer tells us, disliked to reason consecutively; he saw things "intuitively." These silly eulogies are more detrimental than vulgar abuse. For if they be true they show that great destinies have been committed to untrained and undeveloped minds.

Intuition is a faculty of short range. It has never led of itself to any great development of knowledge; and intuition without reason is the fertile mother of blunders and wrongs.

Intuition is the confidante who guides because she scents the air that envelops ideas.

TELEPATHY

FROM premonitions and intuitions to telepathy does not seem a long step, but whereas premonitions go back to the night of time, telepathy is, historically speaking, one of the newest things out.

Does telepathy exist? The mere fact of asking the question may put the writer in the category of the blockheads. Does telepathy exist? Of course it exists, it is recognized, it is official!

Possibly; but these assertions do not prove that it exists. It is popular to believe in telepathy, and all the "best people" do. Yes, but it was more popular to believe in witchcraft. The best people are not famous for thinking; they often seem to dispense with that process.

"But there are great names!"

Yes, but there were once great names for the flat-earth theory.

But telepathy means an advance in human powers; it raises the race.

These are arguments that make me suspicious. People nowadays seem more prone than at any previous period to believe in something mysterious, if

it be associated with a kind of vague spirituality. But that is not proof.

Then again, since the invention of wireless telegraphy, scientific men have even imagined the possibility of a normal functioning of telepathy.

The complex apparatus of the brain may constitute both a sending instrument and a receiving instrument for subtle waves, conducted by the ether or by some other medium. Agreed; these things may be so, but are they? The words "brain wave" or "thought wave" are used, but are there such waves?

The transmission of our thought to others takes place by means of an enormously complex series of events, and waves occur in the process, but they are physical waves in the ordinary sense. There is nothing to show that thought waves exist, or that if they did exist their propagation and their registration could take place in any manner imagined by telepathists.

In wireless telegraphy the vital step of progress was made when Branly discovered that his coherer, or tube of metal filings, had its resistance changed by the passage of the ethereal waves. This change of resistance could be made evident to the senses by mechanical means, and therefore by the employment of a code it was possible to send a message. It has been ascertained that the principle of the detector was known before Branly's announcement, and since his experiments there have been various improvements in this part of the apparatus, but the essential principle remains unaltered.

Have we anything corresponding to this in the human body? Yes; we have a wireless telegraphy

which employs ethereal waves, and in which the detector is much more elaborate than in these mechanical inventions, and in which, moreover, the message does not need to be decoded. The detector is the eye. In the aural system we have wireless telegraphy, but with air waves, not ethereal waves.

Thus we have the analogy, and we know its limitations. If there be any other system which has remained undiscovered through the centuries, I shall believe it when I find it demonstrated; but for grave scientific men of the stamp of Sir Oliver Lodge to speak vaguely of analogies where nothing is shown to support the supposition, that is simply to talk in an unscientific manner.

In wireless telegraphy, once we are able to send a signal, we are able to repeat the process. Will anyone convey by telepathy, under tests that exclude fraud or mere chance play, a definite message agreed on beforehand?

It would be delightful to believe in telepathy—if it were true. On one occasion, while at sea, I was thinking, with unforced but concentrated attention, of a certain person. I was so impressed that I made a careful note of the circumstances, with record of the exact time. I waited. Nothing on the other side corresponded. Had that correspondence occurred, even by coincidence, how strong a case would have appeared for telepathy. Years later this person was wrecked at sea; I had no telepathic sense of the tragedy.

A famous author, sensitive and emotional, died while his wife was in the next room. A close sympathy and warm affection existed between them. She

knew nothing of his condition. That argument is negative, but it has some weight.

The argument that so many people now believe in telepathy should really tell against it; for as we know nothing of the mechanism, we can do nothing to increase the cases of veritable telepathy. The increase in the number of cases reported, therefore, only indicates an increase in the incredulity, nervous excitement, spurious thought, and hysteria. Countless generations of men have passed away, and amongst them some minds the most delicately attuned of our race, and there has been no supernormal communication; now any Society young woman at a loose end talks confidently of New Thought, Vibrations, Telepathy.

I would like to believe, but I want proof.

SUPERSTITION

TELEPATHY may be a delusion, but superstition is an active vice. Superstitions have been handed down from those remote times when, as we see in the case of the savage to-day, the world was thought to be peopled with spirits, mostly malign and mischievous.

Superstitions are sometimes harmless; they may be amusing or childish, often they are both wicked and imbecile. The tendency to superstitions should be counteracted from the earliest age; or rather steps should be taken to protect the mind of the child from superstitions impressed upon it by ignorant nurses or silly mothers.

There is no superstition that has a positive value in itself; not one of them has anything of the supernatural character ascribed to them. Yet nearly every superstition has its origin in real occurrences, and certain of them have some slight grounds of justification.

For example, it is unlucky to walk under a ladder. If you do not look up a brick may fall on you; if you do look up you may get some lime in your eyes.

It is unlucky to break a looking-glass. This was

especially the case when looking-glasses were very valuable.

It is unlucky for a picture to fall. This is true, for it is a sign that the house is old, or damp, or that the furniture is decayed, or the spring-cleaning neglected.

Modern superstitions might be invented. It is unlucky for a mortgage to fall due. It is also unlucky for a jerry-built grand-stand to collapse under a big load of people.

Friday is considered an unlucky day, because it is believed to have been the day of the Crucifixion. But that event was fore-ordained, we are told, for the purpose of man's redemption; therefore why should it be unlucky?

This superstition was strong throughout the Middle Ages. That was a period of great ignorance; superstitions of all sorts were rife. Columbus sailed on his historic voyage on a Friday, and many fortunate expeditions have been undertaken on that day. Nevertheless, the superstition survives.

The number thirteen is considered unlucky; if thirteen sit at table, one of them, it is said, will die within the year. But with people who have arrived at middle age this is normal, one in thirteen being a fair average of mortality per annum. The fact that thirteen have sat together at a table is not one of the causes of death, but offers a chance of noting the occurrence, and the superstition is kept alive. Twenty is not an unlucky number, but if twenty people sit together at table, the chances are greater that one may die within a year.

The Italians, the Spaniards, the Bretons, the

Highland Scotch, and certain sections of the Irish, are among the most superstitious people, and the recital of all their superstitions would take a volume. Now the fact that we can get along with a small number of these should encourage us to do with fewer still. Perhaps it would be well to collect them all, so as to sate the appetite by excess, and disgust us with these pernicious ideas.

The ancients were very superstitious. Of moderns Napoleon, Byron, and Parnell are notable examples of great men attaching importance to the tales of their nurses. These superstitions were never helpful to them; they were often harmful as tending to convince them at critical times that they were fighting against fate.

The Roman commander who, on being told that the sacred chickens would not eat, said: "Let them drink," and threw them overboard, was a philosopher but not a diplomatist. . . .

Laugh at superstitions, but make allowance for their influence on others.

SLEEP

PREMONITIONS, telepathy, superstitions, are not part of the normal life; the most striking of the states in which the physical influences the mental is certainly that of sleep.

A considerable part of our lives is spent in sleep, and as life is short—at least for accomplishing anything worth while—some people resent the imposition of sleep. This is a wrong view. Sleep is not a tax, it is a privilege. Sleep is the great stabilizer.

Alexander the Great said that sleep and love were the two forces that reduced him to the level of humanity. It would have been better for him to have been more indulgent to sleep; it would have saved him from some of his other adventures that reduced him below the average level. Sleep is the good farmer of sanity. Distrust the judgment of the man who does not have enough sleep.

What is a reasonable amount of sleep? That depends on the individual. George III of England used to say "Six hours for a man, seven for a woman, and eight hours for a fool." He took six hours, but he flattered himself; had he taken more sleep he would have been less of a fool.

Napoleon Bonaparte has been credited with an extraordinarily small amount of sleep, and no doubt in times of stress he was able to work all through the night. One must, however, distrust the legends that grew up around celebrated men. Napoleon used to fall asleep in his box at the Opera. Before the battle of Austerlitz he slept well. He won. He was awake and about all night before Waterloo. He lost.

I know a celebrated English statesman who is well content if he gets four hours' sleep every night. He has kept up this régime for years. On the whole he would have done better, even for effective output, if he had taken seven. Goethe used to indulge in eight hours' slumber.

A great deal depends on the atmosphere: sleeping in the open in a balmy clime for five hours is worth more than eight in a closed room in impure air. The length of time devoted to sleep should be sufficient to secure restoration of the energies spent during the day. One should face the day in an alert and cheerful mood. Even if a man has a long and arduous task before him he should not curtail his sleep. There is deep wisdom in the remark of the coloured boy who said, "I'll start with a big rest."

Sleep is best when it is undisturbed. A child sleeps profoundly; so does an exhausted man. On the other hand, if it be not possible to secure a long and uninterrupted sleep, it is well to take any chance that offers. A well-known London preacher, the Rev. Dr. John Clifford, after speaking at a political meeting, found that he had half an hour to spare before starting for his train. He went to a back room, lay

on a bench, and took half an hour's sleep. Though eighty he was hale and hearty.

Even five minutes of sleep helps greatly. In the South African war I have fallen asleep when riding a horse. These snatches were better than nothing. Sleep is better stimulant than fire-water. Sancho Panza was right: "Blessed be the man who first invented Sleep."

HOW TO GO TO SLEEP

IF sleep be a haven of rest, the problem of how to go to sleep is sometimes a severe test of psychic seamanship. Sleep is like an indulgent lover, who may be flouted once too often; then there is heart-breaking.

Sleep should be cultivated like a fine art. Everyone should select some sort of formula for going to sleep; by practising it continually it will be found useful, especially at a time of crisis or prolonged strain.

Some people have the faculty of going to sleep readily, almost at will, without appearing to adopt special means of securing that result. Napoleon in the prime of his activity used to say that if he wished to rest he shut up all the drawers of his mind, and then, having nothing to think of, fell asleep. He slept even during the din of battles. This device failed him at St. Helena, where he suffered from insomnia.

Gladstone, who resembled Napoleon in having a very slow pulse, was also able to go to sleep at short notice; but during a crisis in the Home Rule question he suffered from insomnia. His remedy was to

drink hot tea before going to bed, but this régime would drive sleep from the pillow of the ordinary man.

Other people less endowed than Napoleon or Gladstone employ soporifics. Drugs are seldom to be recommended; they often produce the terrible consequence that sleep cannot be obtained at all except by their aid, and larger doses become necessary, and finally the drug loses its efficacy. A common practice is to read in bed for a while after lying down. A volume of orthodox verse has been esteemed for this purpose; "vers libres," or the productions of the futurists, are not to be recommended.

It is better not to encourage any form of brain activity after having lain one's head on the pillow. One train of thought leads to another, and these mental processes are seldom of much advantage in furnishing valuable ideas.

The stories of mathematicians working out problems in their sleep have an explanation consistent with what is here said. An active play of ideas requires a good supply of blood to the brain, but when sleep takes place there is a condition of anæmia of the brain.

To gain sleep the conditions most favourable should be provided. The room should be darkened, as a rule, but in the case of a nervous child it is better to leave a faint light. External noises should be excluded, especially those that are irregular and violent. One remembers Carlyle's mental strain, during his insomnia, "waiting for that wretched cock to crow."

A continuous noise is no bar to slumber. People living in a mining region within earshot of a head

of stampers sleep composedly; they wake up if the noise suddenly ceases.

The room should be warm, but not too warm. The blankets should be sufficient to remove even the suspicion of chilliness. A bed rather hard than soft is desirable. A condition of mind free from care is to be sought for. This may seem like a counsel of perfection, but it may be attained in practice. It should be inculcated that sleep is more valuable than the objects with which the mind is dealing in an agitated manner. At the same time, if sleep does not come at once, one should not fret on that account, but enjoy at least the repose.

Remember that one does not overtake sleep by exertion; one sinks into sleep. Cultivate then that habit of gentle falling.

Among other aids, I have practised one which is often effective. It is founded on physiology, for during sleep the blood contains more carbonic acid gas than usual, and the breathing is regular. Hold the breath for a long time, till it becomes oppressive to do so; then take a short breath; then, after a time, take another short breath; then take a long, deep breath slowly, and allow the air slowly to expire. During this time think of some lines of prose or poetry of the lullaby order of ideas. Visualize the poetry quietly as you recite the lines slowly. I have composed certain lines full of soft narcotic images which I use for my own purpose. Repeat the whole process and so on till sleep comes.

Another plan, also founded on physiology, is this: imagine that there is in the nose, and running up a little into the forehead, a bottle of some very subtle,

soft, balmy scent, with the mouth toward the forehead. This bottle may be turned so as to spill the scent and gently pour it on the brain by screwing it round by means of the eyes, one turning up and the other down. This method requires practice, but if all this can be done without undue strain, sleep will come.

DREAMS

THE best sleep is a dreamless sleep, but the world would be less interesting without our dreams.

Dreams are important. This is true if they be understood. When a grizzly bear speaks to us, or a locomotive runs inside a pipe-stem, or we go up to three fig trees that suddenly change into bulls and chase us—then we are probably dreaming.

The reason why these strange happenings do not surprise us is partly this: in our daily life events and things that we had not calculated on are continually shooting into the orbit of our experience. When we are awake, however, the reality brings us a series of experiences which conform to what we know as normal happenings and conditions, and our judgment is corrected by a stream of associations, which are the records of the past experience and which give us standards of comparison. Thus, for example, we might, from a certain angle, see a donkey's ear that looked larger than a house; a second glance shows us that the reason is the house is away in the distance.

When we are dreaming we are in a locked-up world, and we have not the stimulation and the standards of comparison of this real or, as we might call it,

"objective" world. Hence there is a distortion, or a less vivid perception, of space and time; and these variations account for the peculiar and interesting effects produced.

People sometimes seem to pass through prolonged experience in dreams, but dreams are always short. Twice in my life I have been able to test the limits within which a dream occurred. On one occasion I heard the first stroke of seven o'clock; then fell asleep and had a long dream; then woke before the last stroke of the hour.

The sense of time in these dreams is illusory. We do not pass through all the sensations and the phases of movement that we note; we simply skim over the headings of things, just as in the recital of some actual event we might say: "And the fire raged in the building for an hour."

In the reality, duration is part of the character of the sensation, and a dream could not exactly reproduce a series of sensations unless the time consumed were the same in both cases.

Dreams are also somewhat superficial in this sense: that they will be found almost invariably to have been inspired by something that happened to us, or that was told to us, not long before the dream—generally on the day preceding a night dream.

If, for example, we have had an interesting conversation after dinner concerning a friend who has been long absent, but who is expected home, we would be liable, if we dreamed at all, to recall something about this person in our dream.

Even if dreams are extremely vivid when we first awake, they fade from the memory very much quicker

than impressions from the real world. The English poet Coleridge once dreamt of a series of beautiful scenes described in perfect poetic language. He proceeded to write the poem, but he had hardly started when a visitor called. When the visitor had departed Coleridge tried again, but the dream had vanished. That is why we have only a fragment of "Kubla Khan," though a fragment of rare perfection.

The significance of dreams is not that of giving revelations of external events; they are important rather as telling us something about ourselves. This, however, deserves a separate study.

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS

FROM dreams to the interpretation of dreams is a step as great as from the symptom to the disease. It is the business of the psychologist to take that step, but he must be furnished not only with a true theory of psychology but also with a sufficient knowledge of physiological and pathological processes. Moreover, he must be able to reason correctly.

Those who combine these requirements are extraordinarily few, but the professors are many.

The divination of dreams, once an important function of state, is a thriving industry in our day. Dream books are published regularly, and therefore it is evident that they are bought; and wise women will, for a small monetary consideration, reveal to you the future and give you attractive details of your own destiny. The confidence with which these people predict is in inverse ratio with their wisdom, but the allurement of the future is proportional to the generosity of the client.

In the old days dreams were a means of revelation, as recorded in the Bible, and there is no more reason for doubting divine intervention in such a manner

than there is for questioning the miracles that have occurred in daylight.

It is true that Hume caused a scandal by asking: "What is the difference between God appearing to a man in a dream, and a man dreaming that God appeared to him?" But then Hume also caused a scandal by doubting the miracles.

When we come to profane history, we find the interpretation coloured by the interests of the soothsayer or of the State. A commander of an army who dreams that he is about to be defeated, and who believes the dream, has already prepared his doom. This is especially the case if the news be spread among the soldiers, for the bravest men will not fight against fate. Hence the dream becomes verified, and the interpretation of the messages becomes confirmed.

The art of divination, except in the hands of a cunning medicine man, is rather a detrimental possession. Archbishop Laud, who advised Charles I on religious and State policy, spent more energy on dreaming than in clear thinking.

"I dreamed a dream last night," he would announce, and as at that time he was becoming very nervous, the more he dreamed and the more he talked the more certain was Charles to lose his head. Among the currents that carried the king to the block was Laud's silly dreaming.

Shelley the poet was also a great dreamer, and a good part of his conversation at the breakfast table related to his overnight dream. This was a sign, not of the poet's genius but rather of a depressed nervous condition.

The modern view of dreams is that they do not possess great significance, but that for the most part striking dreams indicate abnormal physical conditions.

When a small boy or girl has terrifying dreams, instead of seeking for them a strange and supernatural meaning, it is best to have the child's throat and breathing apparatus examined by a surgeon. He may advise removal of the adenoids.

When we dream of a wild and desperate struggle in which we are brought to the last gasp, this will not, in general, imply a social or political cyclone in Europe. It will simply point to wind in the stomach.

A favourite dream of falling from a great height may have its source in some interruption to normal respiration, or possibly point to a deficiency of the heart's action. A dream of swimming in cold water may be found to mean that the blankets have slipped off and that a considerable surface of the body has become chilled. Captain Mayne Reid, author of charming stories of Mexico, once dreamt that he was scalped. He discovered when he awoke that he had a boil on the head.

When De Quincey, the well-known author, dreamt that he had done deeds that the ibis and the crocodile shuddered at, this simply meant that he had taken too much morphia.

The psycho-analysts have taken the land of dreams as their special province. I have examined the works of the masters in this picturesque science—Freud and Jung. Their analysis of mental processes is absurdly insufficient. They seize on one faculty, association, and give an inadequate account of that. With this

incompetence they combine a morbid view of the influence of sex, and the result has been, on their part and that of their disciples, a number of popular and worthless books.

The interpretation of dreams is certainly a subject that calls for scientific study, but as in the case of the prognostication of the weather, the more we examine the more do we find how many and complex are the factors to be considered, and how worthless are the opinions that ignore these factors.

Finally, if anyone fears disagreeable omens in dreams, let him not go to a soothsayer but cultivate healthy habits and observe the rules of hygiene; then his dreams will be fewer but of better value.

BENTS OF MIND

I.—TO ART

HAVING considered faculties of mind and talents, we may look at a few examples of their application. One of the most attractive fields is that of Art.

If a boy displays an irresistible bent towards art; if he is always drawing horses, birds, or even caricaturing his acquaintances, if he manifests a peculiar and deep interest when shown a fine picture, and has a great sensitiveness to colour and to form, then do not thwart his inclinations.

Art does not give a good opening for a dilettante or for the half-amateur, but for those with the real gift it has the possibilities of a great and highly respected profession. Horace of old, in an "Ode to Melpomene"—the muse of tragedy—remarked that if a young man is destined to be a poet, then it is of no use expecting him to triumph as a great pugilist, or in other ways of life. The mistake made by most parents is to regard their children as pieces of putty or wood that they can mould or cut to their liking; and as art is looked upon as offering but a precarious livelihood, they try to persuade or force the young hopeful to be an engineer, or they hold out to his

vision the glory of a chamber lawyer, or the emoluments of a linen draper.

I have known many great artists, and nearly all of them have told me stories of the difficulties in their way at the beginning of the career. Bougereau, whose pictures are well known in England and America, was the son of poor folk in a little fishing village on the west coast of France. To the end of his days he looked like a fisherman himself, but he had the artistic gift, and he was carried away by the ambition to become a great artist. He kept his purpose always before his eyes, even at a time when the difficulties might have seemed insuperable; during his early life in Paris he cheerfully endured all sorts of privations. Yet in the end he brought his talents to fruition, and his life was happier than if he had tried to kill the artistic temperament.

The impressionist painter Guillaume struggled under a still greater handicap. He was first apprenticed to a draper, and afterwards he became an employee in a railway, where he worked at night so as to be able to paint by day. Whistler, the great American painter, had a similar tale to tell. The artistic spirit within him was invincible, and it triumphed in the end over all manner of opposition, neglect, ridicule, and envy.

Rodin, the most famous of modern sculptors, was another who overcame obstacles by an extraordinary combination of strength of purpose and artistic aptitude. Often he had to do the tasks of an ordinary workman in order to provide himself with bread. Greuze, whose delicate paintings are so often reproduced, became an artist in spite of the opposition of

his father, who thought painting was not a respectable profession. Yet the father of Greuze is remembered now only on account of his celebrated son. The famous Turner was the son of a barber, and the beginnings of his artistic career were marked by incessant struggles.

It is necessary, however, to be sure that the inclination to art is deep and sincere, and not merely a kind of pose or passing whim.

In a studio in Paris I once saw two pupils painting from life. One was an English student who had read Ruskin, and had become convinced of the moral greatness of art. The other was a young Frenchman whose pale face and blinking eyes seemed to tell a tale of evenings spent in company not at all morally great.

As I looked at their work the Frenchman was half sleepily producing a beautiful "line," while our English friend, though of much higher character as a citizen, was showing hard contours and wretched forms with an air of rapt intensity.

Make sure that the inclination to art is real and vital.

2.—TO SCIENCE

THERE is nothing incompatible in the inclination towards art and science in the same person; but art and science are jealous mistresses, and to very few is it given to serve both with honour. The bent to science is often tardy in showing evidence, but if a gifted child be attracted to science, then let praises be offered to Heaven.

The germs of science may sprout early in a fresh young mind, and there are few things more interesting than to watch its growth. A clever little boy who talks of the deep secrets of science is apt to be regarded as a sort of unnatural phenomenon by neighbours; the best they can say for him is to predict his early death.

This notion is itself unhealthy and should be dispelled. There is no undue strain in the mental work of a boy of high intellectual quality, and instead of having obstacles placed in his way, as is so often done by parents, he should be not pressed nor stimulated, but helped in his own way of life.

A boy with a scientific bent will probably be fond of looking at locomotives, of studying machines; he will spend part of his pocket-money in buying the elements from which to construct an electrical battery.

He will try to make bells ring; he will devise an aeroplane.

Such a boy—in fact, I think this applies to every boy who intends to take up science as a profession—should spend some time in the workshop of a mechanical engineer. An early acquaintance with mechanical tools, and a deftness in the use of scientific instruments will be of priceless value in after years. On the other hand, many a capable thinker has found his grasp of science enfeebled by the fact that, through lack of opportunities, he has never been sufficiently familiar with the mechanical apparatus employed.

A boy with the scientific bent will probably be of a thoughtful, quiet disposition. Give him a lathe or even a knife, a pair of pincers, screws, screwdrivers, a piece of wire, a little tubing, wood and a few odds and ends of iron, and he will be absorbed for hours in his work. He will learn for himself, almost by way of play, many things that will be taught to his elders as tasks under the stress of school discipline.

Such a bent of mind, however, may quite well go with a lively disposition, and even with talents, such as that for story-telling, which seem foreign to science. Sir Humphry Davy, the famous chemist and inventor of the safety-lamp for miners, used to swing on a gate as a small boy in Penzance, Cornwall, fascinating the other boys by the tales he told them, whether from history or his own vivid imagination.

In any case the thoughts of a boy vowed to science will be closely consecutive and logical. A boy of seven once asked me where the water went to

from the gutters; I told him to the sewers. He then inquired into the sewer system, and by dint of questions traced the course of this water to the river and to the sea. He then asked how it got back again. I gave him an idea of the process of evaporation and of the formation of clouds and then of rain. He listened with delight, as if he was hearing a fairy tale.

Properly understood science is the greatest of the tellers of fairy tales.

3.—TO INVENTION

INVENTION is the artistry of science; it is the spirit that takes the leap beyond the rules. A man of science may be deficient in inventive power, for science and invention require different qualities. Science teaches us to know the character of phenomena; it seeks to discover the laws that suffice to determine sequences of events in the domain concerned; invention consists rather in the combination of things, for example in machines, so as in conformity with known laws to produce results useful for particular purposes.

In the days of the old Greeks, who are really our spiritual fathers in science and hence remotely the founders of our modern civilization, invention was not held in honour; and this fact cramped Greek science, and prevented those developments which in modern times we owe to the barometer, the thermometer, the telescope and the microscope.

Yet most of the inventions are the children of science, even though they have presented themselves at times in an unexpected and unlooked for fashion.

In the old days it was said that Nature abhorred a vacuum, but Torricelli, a pupil of Galileo, inquired why she abhorred a vacuum, and he found that there was a limit to her abhorrence which could be

measured in inches. He had filled a tube with mercury, and then placing the open end in a bowl of mercury had set the tube upright. The mercury remained in the tube.

Then he took a longer tube and repeated the experiment; suddenly the mercury fell until its upper level remained at a certain height from the surface of the mercury in the bowl. Torricelli was at first astounded, but on reflection he judged that the pressure at the surface due to the weight of the column of mercury was equivalent to that produced by the weight of the air. Here then at once was the explanation of the action of the ordinary pump; here was the secret that suggested a thousand other inventions which measure, or which depend for their utility on, the varying pressure of air.

Galileo had already invented the telescope. Assuming as he did that rays of light move in straight lines when the medium remains of the same density, but that they become inclined nearer to the perpendicular to the surface on entering a denser medium, his problem was seen to be really one of geometry. His skill consisted in so contriving lenses that he saw the image of the object nearer, or under a greater angle, than he saw the object itself with the naked eye.

After the invention of the telescope that of the microscope became suggested, and the problem remained within the same order of ideas.

Consider the invention of the steam engine. The tendency of all gases, including steam, is to expand to the size of the vessel containing them, and to produce pressure in the walls. How can the energy thus represented be utilized?

Watt had many predecessors, but he had one great advantage over them all in being a practical mechanical engineer. His aim was eventually to turn a wheel by means of steam, for when once you succeed in turning a wheel you can move vehicles or ships or devise winding plants, or apply your results in any of ten thousand machines.

Watt knew that by employing a crank he could convert straightforward motion into circular motion, so that his problem was now to produce straightforward motion. That easily suggested the movement of a piston in a cylinder to which it was adapted. One had only to let in the steam behind the piston, and the piston would be driven to the other end of the cylinder.

Many inventors had reached this point, but, as Edison once remarked, one does not come to the pith of an invention unless some insuperable difficulty seems to arise. The question here was to get the piston back to its original position. Watt had to close the aperture by which the steam first entered behind the piston, and open another by which it would enter between the cylinder and the piston in its new position; and then he must contrive to open a new aperture by which the steam which had been led in at the first movement could escape. All these difficulties were solved by the slide valve, which is thus seen to be the key to the whole invention.

Already in these examples we see how much aid invention gains by knowing the results of science—by employing the faculty of generalization.

Some of the great inventors have been deficient in scientific knowledge, but they have triumphed in spite

of their handicap. Edison became known all over the world as an inventor of electrical apparatus, although he had never studied electricity scientifically; but if we look into the inventions due entirely to himself we will find the field limited. For instance, at one time he wanted a good filament for a lamp, and he obtained specimens of vegetable fibres from various quarters of the globe and tested them. Here, evidently, no great theoretical knowledge of electricity was required. If with Edison's genius he had been well grounded when young in the principles of the science, he would have done better.

Turpin, the inventor of melinite, who opened the era of high explosives, is another man of genius who, at the time of his invention, knew little of the principles of the science of chemistry. He had a remarkable faculty for devising chemical combinations within a certain category, but during the war he failed relatively because his scientific knowledge was inadequate.

Hughes, the inventor of the microphone, actually had invented a wireless apparatus years before the advent of Marconi, but a scientific friend told him that on account of the laws of induction it could never be anything but a scientific toy; and as Hughes knew nothing of induction nor of its laws, he felt himself warned off, and he did not follow up his marvellous achievement.

The history of the invention of wireless itself is a fascinating story, for the invention grew by the labours or the happy strokes of genius of many men in many lands: Oersted, a Dane, when demonstrating before a class, noticed that a magnet became

deflected when an electric current passed. Here already is the principle of a telegraph, for it is only necessary to be able to make a signal, and then by means of a code any message can be sent.

Clerk Maxwell, a Scotsman, demonstrated by mathematical considerations the close analogies of light and electricity; Hertz, a German, attempted to obtain with electric undulations phenomena similar to those already found in the case of light—reflection, refraction, interference. Then Branly, a Frenchman, found that when electric undulations struck a tube of iron filings, they changed its resistance; this offered the means of signalling. The work of Marconi, an Italian, was that of increasing the distance at which these effects become obtainable; and it was mainly through the inventions of Tesla, a Serb, who combined scientific training with rare inventive power, that this was possible. The utility of wireless has since been notably developed by the audion of Lee de Forest, an American. . . .

The bent to invention will be found in one who is fascinated by these stories of ingenuity, but who especially has the originality, the mental energy, and the patience to experiment for himself. A training in mechanical work is of the highest advantage; and then a lively mind, a happy combination of imagination and capacity for taking pains, and then experiment, all combined will produce the invention.

4.—TO LITERATURE

LITERATURE. I stand dubious on the brink, for I know two kinds of literature: the literature that lives, and the literature that lets live. They are not always the same.

Let us deal first with literature as a trade, for as a writer once said to Dr. Johnson, "a man must live." It is true that the good Doctor did not concede the point, but then his principles were more severe than his practice.

I heard a friend of mine once planning a popular novel. Whether it was true that he was suffering from the pangs of inspiration or that, like Numa Roumestan, he ceased to think when he ceased to talk, I know not; but certainly he developed his theme step by step in appropriate speech.

He had fixed first the number of words, about fifty thousand; his serial—serials are the steadiest of the paying forms of literature—had to run so many weeks at so much a week. Every instalment had to end with a note of suspense so as to keep the reader breathlessly awaiting the next. There had to be a murder, but it had to be a respectable murder, for the serial must have a popular appeal; therefore it was naturally the murder of a man of title, but since lords are not to be treated with levity, and still

less with this kind of gravity, a "Sir" must be chosen. The "Sir" is distinguished, but elastic. But so many people are "Sirs" that the name must be carefully chosen. It could not be Brown, Jones, or Robinson; it was Sir Egbert Chiltern.

The doing away with Sir Egbert must be sudden, mysterious—very, very mysterious—and free from revolting details.

There must be love interest, but that is easily provided. Select a girl at random, a mill girl or a peeress, describe her vaguely, and leave her insipid, but call her the heroine and make her fall in love with a handsome young peer travelling incognito in golfing costume—and that's that.

The hero was a fourth-form public school boy, grown up, with a touch of Ouida, minus the dissipation, which is not now "the thing," and a judicious borrowing from "Three Weeks."

The secondary love scenes were more difficult, for the British public will not stand anything matrimonially crooked except bigamy, and bigamy has become overdone even in the police courts. They do not like French women, for the paper, they remark, may be left on the drawing-room table, and Germans are, of course, taboo—so here goes for a bigamous Polish Countess. . . .

My friend made, per annum, ten times the income of Thomas Carlyle in his primy days, and according to standards held in honour in authoritative circles his work was exactly ten times as good.

I have started with the literature that "brings home the bacon," because, as you see, there are rules for that. There are none for the literature that lives.

That is inspirational. It is infused through and through with the quality of the man; it is the distillation of his soul; it shows his outlook on life; it breathes; it has vitality and meaning.

Literature, to my mind, should be real; it should be a comment on life, or the section of life that the author has seen; but when I say real, I do not mean something necessarily revolting or sordid or even tame; the writer should bring out the veritable meaning of all the reality; he should give it the magic touch that links it with the divine.

Then, even in literature, there should be—difficult as it is to express it—something corresponding to that which stamps the cast of the scientific mind, the generalizing faculty.

We find that in "Don Quixote," which gives us, enveloping the story, the atmosphere of Spain; we find it in "Tartarin de Tarascon," who is not a Meridional, but the Meridional; we find it in "Tom Jones," which gives us the English country side; we find it in "Gil Blas," in which, underlying the wit, is a serious contemplation of a vertical cleft of society.

A good book should have thought and intention. Here I must guard myself against saying that it should be a "novel with a purpose." If it comes to the mountains of notes of Zola's later books, or political or religious tracts served in literary disguise, I would much prefer to take this pabulum in the form of notes, or blue books, or leading articles.

What I rather mean is that a true work of literature should not be a mere flake of amusement without root or without purport; it should abide in the mind as a possession. Borrow's "Lavengro" is certainly

not a sermon, but once read with appreciation, its clear air of the country scenes, and its sense of yearning aspiration, remain with us for good.

Of the bents to literature, why insist or why discourage? A good writer must face much, for he must be original, and independent and bold, and he will be judged by narrow little standards of literary fashion and political bias; his originality will be a detriment and his truth an offence. But baffle him, chastise him, deride him, starve him, he will write, for what he says is not his alone, but something of celestial fire given to him to cast abroad.

5.—TO ATHLETICS

IN the days of the Greeks athletics constituted a career, and the Greek athletes whom we represent as striving for a laurel crown formed the purest type of professional. They constituted a sort of guild, with regular duties, moderate pay, and a set of rules which erred by their severity and lack of elasticity.

Nowadays it is rare for a father, when thinking of a profession for his son, to say: "I'll make him a boxer," or "I'll make him a runner," or "I'll make him a cricketer."

Young men drift into these professions, and the precarious nature of the rewards scares away the prudent parent.

The rewards have lately become brilliant in some of the athletic professions, but the hazards have not been eliminated. It is a wise father who could say: "I'll make my son the heavy-weight champion of the world." Fistic champions are born, not made. They gain more in the days of their brilliance than a bishop or a Lord Chancellor; but it must be remembered that they are willing to dispute the question of superiority with the bishop, and the arbitrament of the gloves is of striking effect.

One difficulty of providing a safe berth for the athlete is that he is always being tested. It is pos-

sible to have a general, or a chancellor, or a bishop, slow, fat, short in the wind, out-of-date, or weak in the thinking-box; not so with the athlete. He shines a few years at most in the sunlight, then disappears; and no matter how often repeated this is a tragedy. Tom Richardson, the champion fast bowler of his day, spoke of this eclipse with bitter regret. He died not long afterwards.

And yet what a glorious hour of sunlight the accomplished athlete has!

There is no other profession in which the supreme effort and the splendid reward chime together. A poet writes his poem in the silence of his room; after many months and much humiliation his verses are published; then he waits for the abuse and contempt of the critics, possibly some words of praise. Look at Milton, look at Shelley, look at Keats!

But the fighter. There in the moment of stress, there escaped from the danger, there on the spot where he was quick to "seize the arrow's barb before the tense spring murmurs," or, in other words, to whip in with a cross-counter on the jaw; there where his foe lately so menacing is writhing in defeat on the floor, he hears the applause of ten thousands, knows that his name is being flashed over the world, that a knight's ransom is his.

Or again, where the runners, splendidly matched, fly together over the track, now one, now the other appearing in front, as on with dancing step and whirling speed they race till, nerves on strain, in the last wild dash, the victor breasts the tape, and the spectators freed from their stress roar in delight—what joy!

Here we have been dealing with the great fundamental sports of mankind, such as might form a basis of comparison between ourselves and the Greeks—whom, by the way, the moderns would run circles round—but with games it is different. Given a well-formed and fairly strong youth, with a good eye, it is possible to teach him to figure well as a cricketer. He may not be a champion, but if he devote as much time, and attention as serious, to his work as a violinist to his music, he ought to find a place in a team.

Even to gifted players practice makes an astonishing difference. Grace, Ranjitsinhji, Trumper, all practised incessantly.

Yet there are but few cases of training for cricket as a profession. The Lillywhites of old, the Gunns, the Hearnes may be cited, while Hobbs and Russell are sons of the turf.

In running the examples of hereditary transmission, or special selection in training are rarer, though the renowned Jack Donaldson—oh, what Greek Arichion or Antiparos of Epirus could live with our "blue streak"?—was early coached by his father, who was himself a fine performer on the track.

In boxing I know of no champions except those who, like Topsy, have growed. . . . Athletes run in all shapes. A hundred yards runner may be a powerful primeval man like Harry Hutchins, or of medium build but beautifully formed like Jack Donaldson, or Charles Paddock, or Frank Hewitt. The matchless hurdler, Earl Thompson, is a giant, but limber and lithe as a catamount.

A long distance runner is often a small man, and when the distance goes to fifteen or twenty miles a

thin, light man; but to this rule there are extraordinary exceptions.

The shape even of boxers varies widely, for while we have had lumpy, powerful champions like Sullivan, Jeffries and Jack Johnson, we find also the lithe and active Corbett, the lanky FitzSimmons with the poor legs and strong torso, and Dempsey, who is a trim built but not egregiously developed man.

The Greeks have left us fine statues of athletes, but these perfections were in part due to the sculptor. The Greek system of training was not calculated to give high vitality to the athlete, and in the descriptions of their boxing and of their running contests we do not give an adequate impression of brilliant speed.

Yes, there is something delightful in the health, form, easy grace and dazzling exploits of the athlete; and yet, except for the serious professional, the bent to athletics should not be stressed. Undue devotion to sport on the part of amateurs beyond the age of youth builds no national strength. A sense of decadence in mature age, that is often the Nemesis of the athlete.

6.—TO ADVENTURE

ART appeals but to few, science is too cold for the rowing boy, but Adventure! There is the tocsin of the soul.

There is a charming picture of the boy who afterwards became Sir Walter Raleigh, listening to the words of an old seaman; the boy's wistful eyes gaze seaward, and his curls are toyed with by the light winds that come as if with the dreams of romance that bathe his soul. Romance and adventure there were in plenty in his life; he explored the Orinoco and he colonized Virginia; he brought tobacco and the potato to Europe; and he had his head cut off by James I in order to placate the Spaniards.

"Yes, but," a boy of these times may say, "all that is finished. America is discovered. The Poles, North and South, have hid their heads under the heel of the conqueror. Niagara is a picnic place, and if you ascend the highest peak you will find an old man or woman there selling tea and cake! And then as to Red Indians. Who can ever be killed again so splendidly as Custer? Or by the Mahdists like Gordon?"

No, the world is not all discovered. There is more romance in store than has yet been released. True, the Little Big Horn where General Custer met

his fate at the hands of the Sioux is almost as familiar as Coney Island, but there is no lack even of killing in the modern world. There were abundant chances for that in the World War, where day by day episodes occurred untold of which Homer or Tasso would have made immortal epics.

But not even to speak of these, or the glories of the development of means of transport, let us look at a globe or big map of the world, or, better, take a voyage out of the beaten track. It soon begins to dawn upon us that the world is very young.

We have a few overcrowded spots, but there are immense tracts, some still untrodden, and all fraught with wondrous possibilities. In the United States alone there are great regions practically unexplored.

The whole continent of Australia is touched only on the fringe. Already there we have gold, silver, copper, tin, diamonds and other precious stones, and pearls on the coast. May it not be possible to find even in some desert place a mountain of gold or a mine of diamonds that would make the discoverer richer than Crœsus?

Certainly a man might spend his whole life "prospecting" and finish up a poor man; I have known it happen; but these are the risks of the trade, and the splendid adventurer destined to "strike it rich" is, like the poet, chosen. I knew a man who trudged the streets of Melbourne penniless, sad and weary. He had made a fortune and lost it. Once more he set out on a quest, endured famine and fatigue; then at Coolgardie he stumbled on nuggets—"a nest of nuggets"—and was rich once more—and wise.

Now we have the greater part of Asia to roam on.

Siberia has wealth of all sorts; it is almost a virgin field. Think again of the secrets of the Vale of Cashmere, of Tibet, even of Baluchistan.

Africa has a population of whites that would not suffice for a forsaken little Balkan State; but Africa will yet, and within no very distant date, have a population of a thousand million souls.

While we are slaughtering each other in Europe we are forgetting that in the world there is room for ten times the belligerent population, and that the work of the development of these new territories holds out to us lures of discoveries and of adventures that could put the splendid exploits of Marco Polo in the shade.

Timbuctoo the Mysterious will yet, and soon, be one of the world's mighty capitals. What a dream is already there; what great designs; what dazzling fortunes; what deeds to witch the world!

Yes, the roll of romance is showing a new leaf. There are great adventures to come. Dare!

7.—TO POLITICS

A PROFESSOR of physiology was once explaining to us in class the mode of working of an apparatus for graduating the output of chloroform. He stopped in the midst of his explanation and remarked: "This box is painted blue, but the machine would work all the same if it were painted red."

Some of the class looked serious and took note, and others smiled. Now in history a remark of that kind does not seem ridiculous. I have seen events of importance that have passed into the histories, and I have read some of the great histories of the world. I know that their explanation of events is often absurd. They attribute effects to causes that could not produce them, and they miss the real driving motives that impel the actions of man. It must be noted, too, that even dullness or solemnity does not compensate for lack of thought, nor charm of expression supply the place of analysis. Gibbon in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for example, gives a series of graphic pictures, but his account of the causes of the decadence of the Empire is very inadequate.

All this is not apart from the subject of the bent to politics. I wish to dispel the atmosphere of cant with which all that concerns great offices of State is invested, and to see the realities.

There was a time when I sketched out certain intellectual requirements of a statesman, and sought to form a course of study, however meagre, that would serve to train a man for public life.

He should have a good general education, and this should be important not only for the sake of the knowledge but as evidence of intellectual activity.

He should in especial have a considerable acquaintance with science, because the whole of our modern world rests upon science; ignorance of science implies either lack of opportunities or a mind incapable of toil or unawakened to the meaning of civilization.

He should be informed as to the main course at least of history, and in particular of the history of his own country; and of the main principles of jurisprudence also, if not of the technique of the law. He should be well versed in political economy, for he will have to take decisions that imply, or should imply, a clear view of the consequences of legislation on the economic side.

He should especially be familiar with matters affecting the conditions of work throughout the country, for the work-people form the largest part of the community, and when any part of the industrial machinery breaks down the problems that arise are very important and very difficult to handle.

He should be well informed on all matters of education; of public health; on questions of the army and navy and the air service; of India, and of the various Dominions and Colonies; he should even know something of Ireland.

He should not be grossly ignorant of literature

and of art, nor even of the condition of the churches; some general culture is implied in the search for progress and an allusion to any kind of ideal.

Then as the life of every country is nowadays bound up with that of the rest of the world, and as their acts and attitudes affect us, it would be advisable to know a little of the existence and of the character of foreign countries. It might be a real advantage to travel and to know a foreign language.

I cease, though I have sketched only in a rudimentary way the qualifications of a statesman; but even in these considerations I feel inclined to cry, varying the saying of Rasselas, who spoke of poetry, "Now I see clearly that it is impossible to be a statesman."

Oh, how I laugh now in reading this curriculum, in its modest requirements. For I have known statesmen and statesmanship. I have known a famous Secretary for Foreign Affairs who had carried his insularity so far as to be ignorant of the language of diplomacy. These defects not merely of ignorance, but of intellectual torpor, did not prevent him from winning world-wide renown, and even a general reputation for success, till he was tested. Yet a Foreign Minister who knows no French is comparable to an Astronomer Royal without geometry.

I have known Prime Ministers so destitute of culture in real intellectual enlightenment that they have been blissfully unaware of their own deficiency.

Now, if an ignorant workman fiddle with a watch his misdeeds will come to light quickly; but the organism of a State is a much more complex affair than a watch. But if an ignorant statesman play

tricks with that mechanism he may never be brought to book, and since the operations move more slowly his offences may be visited on his successor, who in turn will escape the responsibility of his own.

I once recommended a certain line of action to a Prime Minister. He made no attempt to follow my reasoning, but simply replied that X—— would vote against him, and this would eventually land him in great difficulties. I had waited all these years—so strong is the atmosphere of illusion—before gaining a glimpse into a Prime Minister's mind. Then when I did turn a ray of scrutiny upon the subject, how clear it seemed. The Prime Minister thought of all problems, not in terms of their peculiar elements, but in terms of votes. If he were defeated he would cease to be Prime Minister; therefore the cardinal point was not to be defeated. He was saved from defeat by votes; hence his constant preoccupation, his thought, his strategy, his principles, were expressed in terms of votes. And from votes in Parliament to votes in the country the transition is easy.

Hence I gained a picture not of a great man standing on an intellectual height and surveying the country before him, so as to guide the march of the nation; but rather of a pilot taking soundings of public opinions, and concerned only in keeping in the currents that gave him the largest volume of support.

And so, in regard to success, I revise my list of credentials. It is not necessary to possess a trained intellect nor any tincture of culture. These qualifications may be harmful. Why study political economy when you may have to spend a great part of your time breaking its precepts? Why travel? Why

know French? These influences are subtle; they gradually rob you of your prejudices, and prejudices are the stock-in-trade of politicians. Crystallize the ideas of the fourth form boy and keep them intact. The man who stoops to reason will hardly win a seat.

Do not think. Voting straight is a surer road to office and to the Lords. Be easy and facile and useful; make a fetish of compromise, and in time of danger do your principles the favour of saving the man who incarnates them.

Let us consider one point of intellect. The scientific man is noted for his power of generalization; that is to say, discovering a general principle that enables him to group a great number of facts, so that these facts, otherwise loosely collected, appear as particular cases of a general law. This is the faculty which Darwin said should especially distinguish the great man of science; and one has but to compare the work of Darwin and of Brown, the industrious botanist, to see the value of the power of generalization.

In Parliament, on the other hand, the mind that is esteemed is not the mind capable of generalization, but the mind that is apt in detail. It is in politics a veritable detriment to possess a scientific cast of mind, unless one is clever enough to conceal it. Yet properly speaking the modes of thinking of a scientific mind are as valuable in statesmanship as elsewhere.

The men who succeed in politics are the deft, dexterous, unscrupulous men either hardy and determined or shamelessly subservient and sycophantic. It is necessary to have an aim, and most of them have, but whether public or private it is generally in line

with self-interest. The mind should be active, energetic, but moving in a shallow manner; the objects of interest should be those in vogue at the moment, particularly such as are set going and "boomed" by the powerful Press; the temperament should be popular and optimistic, and conviction should be so profound as to be instinctive that the crowd prefers to be wheedled and flattered rather than benefited, and that they are more pleased with glowing promises than content with performances; and that the first and last point of the game is to be in the swim and on the winning side.

What I have said here has not prevented a few men of really great calibre and statesmanship from coming to the fore in this country and in the States and in France; but in most cases when we have seen such a man fit to hold a good figure in the gallery of history some desperate crisis has called him forth. In certain events character and brains and energy tell their tale.

In my preceding account I have not sought to cast a cynical tone on the subject; I have simply considered without warping what are the conditions of success in politics, and I have approached the subject by first divesting my mind of preconceived ideas.

If a young man turn to enter the jungle to fight dragons, to live amidst pitfalls and to endure hunger and thirst and pestilence, is it well to tell him that the sole preparation required is to case himself in ancestral armour and hold vigil by a holy well all night? And so with politics. To those who enter it as a game and play it with skill, politics are full of excitements and of adventures, even of rewards. To

those who enter it with an ideal and a desire to carry some great principle, even of great benefit to mankind, then the way is full of difficulty.

That is not a reason for cowarding the wing and for quailing in the fight. No man has the right to hide himself from the contest on the ground that he, or his way of life, is too precious and superior, unless indeed it be true that his life is superior. I would think that to be the case, for example, if he were devoting himself to some work of science.

But if the reason be nothing more than his own delicacy and sensitiveness, the consciousness that he belongs to a superior class of beings, then I say that his virtue is that "unsweated and unbreathed" of which Milton speaks with contempt.

No. Even in this field there is no occasion to lower the ideal or to diminish the great fundamental principles of honesty, truth, steadfast principle, sincere endeavour toward a high goal.

Only let the young man enter the fight with clear intelligence. I will not promise that these qualities will bring political success; I only say that they will do something better: give the guarantees of the fulfilment of duty.

OPTIMISM

WE have touched on faculties and states of mind, and bents to various fields of exercise; let us now consider the "atmosphere" in which we move.

Optimism will grow like a flower if the soil be properly prepared. Optimism is so desirable a state of mind, and eventually so true a philosophy, that it is worth the pains that may be required to produce it. Part of the conditions consist in good health.

The future seems a little gloomy! Go to bed early, sleep well, eat moderately at breakfast; the future looks better. The world's outlook may not have changed, but our capacity for dealing with it has. Happiness, or unhappiness, depends to some extent on external conditions, but also, and in most cases chiefly, on our own physical and mental powers. Some people would be discontented in Paradise, others, like the blessed Mark Tapley, whom Dickens created, are cheerful in a graveyard.

Optimism can be made a habit. Seek for occasions that increase optimism, encourage optimistic people around you, sing optimistic songs, learn optimistic maxims.

Of course, discretion is here necessary. "Cheer up, we'll soon be dead," has an optimistic ring with it, but this form should be reserved for special and, let us hope, rare occasions. On the other hand, a song like: "Wait till the clouds roll by, Jenny!" may be trolled out by all classes and all ages.

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile!" also contains a salutary philosophy. It was sung during the war aboard a liner in the Mediterranean by a little English girl going home from India who, in the style learned from her *ayah* (nurse), pronounced it "Eeshmile, eeshmile, eeshmile." A ship had been torpedoed on the previous day; at any moment a submarine might have popped up, for they were waiting for this vessel; but when the song was so quaintly lisped out, everyone laughed, applauded, and forgot their troubles. Moreover, the ship was not torpedoed.

Optimism is not to be bought by money. I have known millionaires, and particularly the sons of millionaires, in various countries who were the most wretched of men. They had been brought up by foolish parents in a life of self-indulgence; they had cultivated neither their physique nor their intellect, nor their morals; their great ideal of pleasure was that of sensual excess. With jaded nerves, empty brain, and blank future, they faced the Nemesis of a misspent life.

On the other hand, I think of a boy landing in New York with a dollar, but looking out at the world with a smile full of courage and hope, keeping in his mind the picture of his mother at home, for whom he had vowed that she should yet ride in her carriage.

The story loses nothing by giving the name—Thomas Lipton.

If ill-luck strikes you at times, think how much worse it might have been, and that, as you can bear it, it may be better than your deserts.

It is good to find how many are the sources of enjoyment of the human mind. Let us cultivate, therefore, a tenacious grip of content, and find the zest of living in all with which we meet. Ill-luck is chary of attacking a man who smiles.

Optimism seems easy; try it, it is founded on a rock.

PESSIMISM

WHO turns voluntarily from optimism to pessimism?

Pessimism is not a philosophy; it is a state of mind. Pessimism is a product of our civilization. It is not natural to the savage; he feels pain, or discomfort, and suffers from these palpable conditions, but when he recovers from wounds he forgets the torments, and when he is well fed he is joyous in the light of day.

The natural condition of women, especially young women, is that of a lively aptitude to joy, although looking round on some modern specimens it sometimes requires effort to believe it.

Pessimism is carefully cultivated in some intellectual circles, as if it were a precious plant that the human race could not afford to lose. The novels of Zola and the plays of Ibsen are steeped in pessimism. These works can make the plea of being deep and conscientious studies of special traits of life, but the world in them is seen through a mist of misery which even the characters themselves do not always feel.

I have read terrible stories, for example, of the

East End of London, but having made the acquaintance of a few East End people, I find that they do not look upon their little area of life with the same eyes as their critics. A titled lady, famous for charitable work, once invited a few East End working women to her house in the country—"The stately homes of England, how beautiful they stand!" as Mrs. Hemans sings.

The East-enders stayed a fortnight, thanked her for all her kindness, and expressed wonder that she could endure to live so dull a life. They pitied her, and returned to the foggy East End singing themselves hoarse with delight.

Some people will ascend Mont Blanc; they will recall nothing of the glories of sun and sky and snow-clad mountain range; they will tell you that they got their feet blistered. A lady who visited Venice had nothing to say of that magical city of romance and beauty except that it was a damp place, that some of the canals were smelly, and that the hotel overcharged her for laundry!

It is possible that just as a ship on a long voyage passes through some trying weather, the human race may strike periods of depression. The French, after their defeat of 1870, seemed to be under a kind of national nerve strain for a generation. Pessimism moves in a vicious circle; a nation finds a slump in the national stock. This produces a set of gloomy writers, and their works confirm the people in their pessimism. Yet France has revived.

With the individual, pessimism is sometimes a result of chronic ill-health, but it is often produced by the trick of seizing upon and repeating pessimistic

phrases. There may be a certain amount of pose in this at first, but it soon becomes a habit.

In all cases it should be understood that pessimism is a passing phase of malaise, and that we must fight against it. If we must have pessimism, face it as a cold bath, and get the reaction.

WORRY

THE small change of pessimism is worry. It lacks the dignity of that broad expanse of gloom. Its causes are deep-seated; it is produced in many cases by a long spell of overwork depressing the whole physical condition. Worry may be lessened by discipline and habit.

Some people, however, are more disposed to worry than others, and they are so persistent in their efforts to find occasions for worry that it seems a pity to deprive them of their peculiar pleasure.

Even normal people talk of worry as if there were a high-water mark of ill-luck which gave them the right to indulge. They seem to think that if they have paid the price they are entitled to the reward.

A member of Parliament once told me in a pitying voice that his wife worried because she had burnt the bacon.

I had not heard correctly. "The baby?" I inquired.

"Oh, no!" he replied, "the bacon. If she had burnt the baby it would have been all right to worry."

But why? No one supposes that she would burn the baby intentionally, and few would contend that

worrying would make her less likely to burn the baby accidentally. She might, if worry were regarded as a boon to be purchased at a fair price, secure a little to go on with by burning her husband's golf clubs.

When the German aeroplanes used to raid London the great majority of the people took the situation calmly; one or two worried so much that they were driven to suicide. Some people are continually crossing bridges before they come to them, and then worrying once more over those that they have passed.

After hearing them talk I have turned to my little cat. She nearly burned her tail ten minutes ago by a candle flame. Within half an hour she may bring down all the crockery while trying to get at the sardines. At present she is sitting contentedly on the hearthrug washing her face with her velvet paw, and purring. I go to the kitchen to search for a choice piece of chicken for her. She reposes me from humans.

It is of no use to reprove sharply the worrying people. The cure is to lessen their work, take them more into the sunshine and fresh air—brace up the nervous system by judicious exercise, and then quietly point out that the things worried about are seldom worth the expenditure of strength involved in the process. Another help is for the person to recognize that the agitation of mind is really "worry." A lady once said to me: "Don't you worry about my worrying." She overcame the habit.

Worrying always suggests digging for pennies with a beautifully jewelled fork. It is a counsel of perfection to say, "Don't worry." Yet all should aim at that perfection of control. If it does not come at once—don't worry.

STOICISM

THE people who most despised worry were the Stoics. They sought to build up a sort of internal bastion against the assaults of Fate.

To everyone there comes some time of trial, when the whole strength of endurance is tested. If on these occasions the candidate "stands the gaff," then ever after amongst his fellows he is accounted a good man. If he "squeals" he is despised. He becomes a hero or he sinks below par.

The whole stoic philosophy is devoted to training men to stand these ordeals; there is something that extorts our admiration in the stoic character, for its quality chimes forth at the moment when every faculty is strung up to the highest tension.

The Spartans of old were the greatest exponents of stoicism; the boy who allowed the fox to eat out his entrails rather than betray himself remains as a striking example of the stoic spirit.

The Romans, a people of great capacity, were at their best a race of stoics, and the wonderful record they have left in history is mainly due to that quality.

In modern days, although the development of

civilization has increased effeminacy, it has yet left a considerable proportion of the stoic type, and frequent opportunities for the display of fortitude. In the Great War, magnificent examples of stoicism were shown, and by the combatants of all nations. That should be remembered by way of encouraging our hopes of human nature. It should not be necessary, however, to kill hundreds of thousands of men to evoke this masculine trait.

The plumber is not usually taken as the model hero; he is the butt of the comic writers, and he has his revenge when he takes possession of our house. Yet one of the finest stories I ever read had for its central character a plumber. He was standing on a ladder under another, who was repairing some fittings on St. Paul's Cathedral, when some molten lead fell on his shoulder. Had he shown any unsteadiness, the man above would have toppled over. He therefore steeled himself to endure the pain, excruciating though it was, and warned his companion, steadily but gently, of what was happening.

The captain who maintains his post on the bridge for days bringing his ship into port in the face of a blizzard, that man, too, is worthy of the Spartans.

And since in ethical lessons we should disdain nothing where superiority becomes manifest, I could cite many stories of the prize-fighters which extort admiration. Tom Sayers, who fought Heenan, was knocked off his feet again and again; his right arm had important muscles wrenched, so that it became useless, but he never quailed or swerved. Rough man though he was, he became a hero, even among the tender beauties of Society.

Yet withal, stoicism is not a sufficient philosophy. Our sensations and feelings are given to us for guidance. The man who lives according to Nature will wisely listen to their counsel, while reserving for great emergencies a fund of stoicism.

THE PLEASURE PHILOSOPHY

THE practical criticism of the Stoic philosophy is found in that of the Epicureans.

The philosophy of pleasure is in great vogue nowadays. To have a "good time" seems to most a sufficient excuse and explanation of all doings.

Many a youth or maiden toiling and moiling the live-long days envies the gilded favourites and butterflies of Society, and yearns to have their chances.

Yet of all the existences I have seen, that of the human butterfly seems to me the emptiest and the most lacking in consolation. Pleasure lures us at first in the shape of a beautiful fairy, then chains us to her chariot and flogs us to death in her service. The most pitiful people in the world are those doomed to "a life of pleasure."

I once overheard a woman recounting to another her campaign of life, and the words I caught, ever recurring, were "played out"; "frantically tired"; "completely winnowed"; "broken on the wheel"; "half dead." . . . "Why, from our winter in Paris!" . . . "Then we went to Trouville to re-

cuperate!" . . . "To recuperate from what?" . . . "Why, from our spring in Nice!"

And so the conversation went on. These were not two "hard-hentled" washerwomen who were talking; they were rich and aristocratic ladies of the best French Society. Their haggard countenances contrasted badly with the appearance of my exorbitant but jolly laundress.

All this is right in nature. There is an instinct in the human mind that demands satisfaction in something real and permanent. A man wants to build, be it only a cow-house, so that some record stands of the work of his hands. A life devoted to amusement, especially if it be carried on in a purely selfish intention, brings its devotee to mental and moral ruin. Even if pleasures come after abstinence, or as a reward of hard work, we cannot dwell too long in them: Robbie Burns, who knew, tells us in his delightful "Tam o'Shanter":

> "Pleasures are like poppies spread,
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed."

Yet a life of asceticism is hollow. The philosophy of Epicurus arose as a protest against that of the Stoics. To Epicurus, pleasures seemed among the good things of the world, and no life was rounded and complete without its due acceptance of these benefits. The good old Greek, however, made pleasure consist principally in philosophical and artistic pursuits. Unfortunately, once such a doctrine becomes launched, it becomes easy to degrade it. Horace describes himself and his confrères as:

> "Fat hogs from Epicurus' stye,"

and there is in his expression a tone of contempt which most generations of men have approved.

The senses and their delights must not be ignored; they are given to us as guides: but the slave of pleasure has the most cruel of masters. Is it not possible to find

"A great calm Epicure, a Stoic without strain"?

AMBITION

IN the world of philosophies, ambition is the rebel—sometimes reprobate, sometimes victorious king. Ambition, we are usually taught, is one of the most pernicious of faults—"by that sin fell the angels." Properly understood, it appears to me, ambition should set the stamp and seal on a manly character.

But let us here distinguish. Ambition directed to merely personal ends is reprehensible, and if it involve the unlawful domination and coercion of others, it may well be called a crime, punishable in just measure by the revenge of the victims of tyranny. But if ambition take the form of the full development of the faculties so that the man may wield authority by the pre-eminence of his character and the clearness of his vision, then wherein is ambition culpable?

The disrepute into which ambition has fallen is due to several causes. One of them is the fact that moralities are preached not as being good in themselves, but as being useful to impress upon others. Those in authority, especially usurped or unjustifiable

authority, regard ambition with great disfavour. Then again, most ambitious men, having risen high in good principles, sacrifice all the teachings of their lifetime if they see within their grasp a glittering prize of pride and vanity. Mr. Bonar Law, speaking as rector to the students of Glasgow, told them, in an address remarkable for its simplicity and its self-revelation, that having heard Gladstone in the House of Commons he went away with the ambition to sit in that statesman's place.

But why not? . . . He rather damped the effect by assuming that manner of the sages of deprecating the great masculine reach and urge of soul. Perhaps that was a salve to an ambition unachieved; or it was a reminder that there are motives that surpass personal ambition. Agreed, but rather let us not belittle natural ambition, but rejoice that we have found articles of faith more comforting.

Let us look at great historical examples of ambition. Napoleon Bonaparte was at one time very ambitious. He wanted to own a cab in Paris, but he could not find the money to pay for it. Later as a soldier of the Republic he found the chance for the display of his great talents. After Lodi he gave his ambition reins. "Lodi awoke my soul," he declared at St. Helena. Up to this period he had been great —young, ardent, filled with generous sentiments, and high ideals. As he dashed across the bridge at Lodi he was the greatest figure in Europe—the soldier of liberty.

Napoleon's ambitions, even when expressed simply on the lines of personal advancement, had this excuse, that he required great power and a free hand

to restore the fortunes of France and to endow his chosen country with great institutions. As First Consul he was admirable.

Then the vice of ambition grew, developing the petty side of his character. Napoleon became the "unambitious slave." He divorced Josephine to marry a young woman of high lineage but bad family, consumptive and tainted with lunacy, mediocre in intellect and character; and he sought to impose on France the hereditary right of his son, pompously styled King of Rome, who had inherited from both parents a wretched constitution, and whose talents had never been trained to healthy development. Napoleon at St. Helena spoke with regret at having departed from his early principles.

Napoleon's model was the great classic example of ambition, Julius Cæsar. It is difficult to enter into the mind of such a man through the medium of history, for few histories have been written with true sympathy and vision. Cæsar by becoming a great statuesque figure is diminished, for we miss the real man.

I cannot but think that he was impelled by a high and over-mastering purpose which in his mind meant the civilization and progress of the world. Such men, viewed in the perspective of history, often seem like instruments of some higher purpose.

Napoleon, who left less durable results of his efforts than Cæsar or Alexander, likened himself to a force of nature. Read the exploits of Alexander, and read the "Cosmos" of Humboldt, where human destinies are shown to be controlled by great determining, but possibly little recognized, causes; one

has the impression that the "great Emathian conqueror" was one of the forces of civilization.

Napoleon thought that Wellington after Waterloo would set up his own régime in England; but English institutions do not lend themselves to such chances. The nearest approach in modern times to the rule of a military genius was that of Marlborough, but the hero of Blenheim and Ramillies was not a man of great ideas, nor great intellect, nor great aspirations.

In the United States still less does the field seem open to ambitions that lie beyond the scope of the constitution. Aaron Barr appears to be one of the few examples of the classic ambitious type, and that strain of his character proved to be his undoing. Within the constitution there is the opportunity to give full scope to talents; ambition there safeguarded from its defects comes into its own as a motive force of greatness. Cæsar himself might well be content to be President of the United States!

I have spoken of ambition with regard mainly to political power. I believe there are higher ambitions, and we get the symbols in the allegory of Satan taking The Saviour up a high mountain and showing the kingdoms of the earth, and yet finding the temptation fail.

If the story be rightly read there should be no mere weak shrinking from the arena; the fever and the stress even of worldly ambitions should be felt to the full, and renounced only because something is seen of higher import and more enduring value.

GENIUS

THE ambition of genius is that genius itself. A man has talent; genius has the man. He is the instrument for the fulfilling of a work, and that work is the expression of his genius. The man of talent surveys the field, and he breaks in at a point where his talents can be usefully employed; the man of genius is foredoomed to his work before he knows the field; baffled, disappointed, discarded, derided, he reasserts himself, perhaps in bitterness and grief, but while life lasts his aim is to give the message of the divine vision within.

Carlyle has given the definition of genius as the faculty of taking infinite pains, but, with due respect to the Sage of Chelsea, I think that this definition is far from happy. If genius is distinguished by anything in the manner of its display, it is by the faculty of dispensing with those pains which seem necessary to others.

The genius among athletes requires less training than the mediocre man; the genius is in the harmony of his form, the lively nervous power, the easy adaptability to the task. Paul Morphy, the chess champion, was not a learned player, but he beat all

the professors. Mischa Elman, the violinist, told me that two hours' practice a day sufficed for him. Patti, with little schooling, was a world-renowned singer at eighteen.

It is doubtless true that in all these cases, and with all geniuses, a considerable anterior work of preparation has taken place, and the beginning of that might go back to the parents themselves. But the genius learns in play and in delight what others learn less well in exercise and toil.

Genius is the natural exercise of high faculties. All the dreams, the aspirations, the desires and thought, all the will and all the delight, all the life and purpose of the genius go to realize his gift.

The manifestation of genius is always original, and often disconcerting to the man of routine; he dubs the genius insane. A few silly books have been written on this thesis, and in one in particular I remember the author said that his aim was to collect all the cases he could of eccentricities of genius so as to produce an irresistible massed effect. But if we knew much of the lives of ordinary men we would find their ideas, judged by proper standards, rather bizarre and their actions often absurd.

Standards, yes, that is important. If a greengrocer spends forty years of his life selling greens in one street, he may be the model of stability; but visualize that existence in the total life; is it really saner than that of the man whose mind stirs the nation's thought?

Certainly there is generally in genius a disproportion of mental build, but that does not imply de-

generacy. A wrestler's physique, for example, is different to that of a runner, but both may be healthy.

Then again, the question of time and opportunity enters into the development of the faculties. There is no incompatability in the qualities required for the captain of a cargo boat or for the proficient billiard player; a man might at a certain moment choose one or other of these characters for his own, but he could not well be both.

And so we find that Mozart was a fool in business and that he could hardly lace his shoes properly. But why inveigh against the genius for that? We have already taken our greengrocer as the standard of sanity; well, let him compose *Cosi fan tutte* or *Don Giovanni!*

A rather deeper consideration is of real importance, and that is the social life that corresponds with the opening to faculties. It is possible that the man of genius may be harried all his life by conditions that place him in a wrong light, but these are only the accidents of genius.

Roger Bacon, the great thinker of the Middle Ages, appears to have been thought mad and unbalanced by his contemporaries; we now recognize him as one of the greatest intellects of all time, and the churchmen who persecuted him appear like criminals, excused only by their witlessness.

Genius is not so common that we can afford to disrate it; if we give genius what we believe to be its due, do we really compensate for that sadness, which the want of community, that failure to "interknit so wingedly" with its fellows, instils into the

mind. Genius has the faculty of extraordinary suffering.

Yet withal genius is the consoler, genius is the stimulus, genius is the recompense; genius is the light of the world.

RELIGION

THE genius of civilization should be expressed in its religion.

I do not want here to discuss the truth or falsity of any particular faith, though that I believe to be imperative in the right place; I desire to form a picture even on the broadest lines of the evolution of religion, and to find something that is common to all.

When we read the records of Babylon, and Nineveh, of ancient Egypt, we find a succession of religions which seem to us strange and unnatural, and we have a sense of re-entering into the night of time. Yet as compared to the period of human life upon earth, these remote epochs are relatively quite near to us; behind them stretch countless ages during which the human mind has developed, and ideas have become modified in accordance with the march of nature. Something of this extreme past we find surviving in savage tribes of to-day, but even they have developed highly from the condition where first religious ideas arise.

The human being at any stage has something of Rodin's "Penseur." The great sculptor told me that

the "Penseur" was not in the least intended to represent the type of the intellectual man, but rather the rude untutored man who had settled down to agriculture, and who after his labour, resting awhile amid the quietude of the departing day, finds running athwart his mind strange thoughts and new questionings of the past, the present, and the future.

The first suggestion of the savage brain is to ascribe to inanimate things something of his own mind. A negro in mid-Africa believes the world to be peopled with spirits, most of them of a mischievous disposition, whom he must propitiate.

This ascription of life and feeling to natural objects persists to our day in civilized society, and lately the old immemorial beliefs have had a singular revival. Newspapers in this twentieth century have published photographs taken by two young girls of fairies wearing conventional ballet costumes, and grave, scientific men have discussed the evidence and accepted the proofs.

Locke said that there was no error of which the human mind was not capable, and we find that verified by actual experience. In mid-Africa at the present different tribes living not far from each other have religious ideas and rituals, observances with respect to food, and so forth, that contradict each other. In some cases religious observances, or political dogmas, are attributable to the example of some renowned and venerated chief, and here we see the evils of mere authority as opposed to reason, for the best of his qualities may not be reproduced, but his errors remain to haunt and impede the development of the tribe for generations.

Amongst all the divergencies one principle runs through nearly all religions—the necessity for sacrifice—often bloody sacrifice. The deity is represented as a powerful man, cruel, vain, capricious in his judgments, who must be propitiated by blood and flattered by praises. That principle toned down to modern temperaments runs through nearly all our familiar religions.

A strange feeling comes over me in contemplating the rise and fall, and ultimate vanishing, of religions which have once held the pride of place in civilization. Milton in "Paradise Lost" gives a little list of some of those from Babylon or Egypt.

What has become of the devout believers to whom these religions represented something higher than their lives in "Man's strange motley march from shore to shore"?

If then we form a series of rooms or galleries, giving to each religion a space in proportion to the period of its reign and its importance in its day, we begin to find our modern religions in a proper perspective. That again offers no account of their rightness or wrongness, for truth cannot be ascertained by votes, and a religion cannot be true in one century and false in another. Nor is faith, however complete it may be in the soul of the believer, a sufficient argument to the neophyte who is still seeking; for he sees many faiths, and he cannot but ask: Which is true? . . .

And yet as we allow the mind to sweep over vast periods of time, and to survey civilizations, all of which in the vista seem so new and tentative, this much seems certain, that amidst all the errors and

searchings of man the order of Nature has remained constant; the law of gravitation has operated, the phenomena of heat, light, electricity have been produced even as now.

No religion can be true that runs counter to nature; for that means the constitution of the world. At every stage Nature, partly by leading, partly by rough correction, is taking us by the hand, bidding us study her teachings and inculcating into our minds the lesson of living according to her laws.

Here is great and abiding comfort, for Nature preaches truth and energy, bids us co-operate in society and learn sympathy. Truth, Energy, Sympathy—these are the tripods of all morality, of every true religion.

NATURE

RELIGION cannot be divorced from nature study. At the height of things religion and nature worship blend together.

The love of Nature is now one of the criteria of culture. I wonder at times how far it may be a mere cult. Certain it is that people face to face with Nature, and those who live in the most beautiful surroundings, do not feel the emotions of the æsthetes, or certainly express themselves quite otherwise.

On the other hand, those who study Nature most intently, and with a professional zeal—the landscape painters, for example—often seem to choose either ugly or uninteresting "bits." They are more concerned with obtaining some "effects," or in displaying some strong point of their art or formula of their school, than in courting Nature as a lover. I ask even why certain views of Nature should be considered pretty or attractive apart from the general sense of freshness and greenness, and life and growth and vitality.

With the poets the talk of Nature tends to become something of a cant. I do not know that it is a mark of a superior mind to adore a cloud, or to simper over

a daffodil. True, there is Burns, a child of Nature, who gives us delightful verses on a daisy, and who on a field-mouse disturbed by his plough throws forth a little poem that trembles on the heart-strings; but there is more in all this than literary Nature-worship, and Burns is sober of details, and never gushing in his contemplation of Nature.

Shakespeare is called the poet of nature, because in the plays are frequent allusions to country scenes and to wild flowers. I have seen in Hampstead a little plot, termed Shakespeare's garden, because all the flowers he mentions are collected there. It seemed a familiar and domestic little garden, "more neat than solemn"; Shakespeare does not elaborate; he gives a touch and a glimpse. It is the Cockney writers who expand in enthusiasm over marigolds and pimpernels.

But this is not Nature. It is the mere hem of the garment.

Yet I have seen aspects of Nature that have been otherwise impressive. From the house in which I was born in Smythesdale I have seen the most wonderful sunsets in the world. The purity of the air, the conformation of the ground with a low ridge of hills in the western horizon helped to build up the charm of these sunsets. Not at one point of the western heavens did the light become extinguished, but the whole western hemisphere became lit up in brilliant colours that yet harmonized and dissolved one into the other, and with so intense a light that at times I have seen the eastern hemisphere aglow with the colours complementary to the first. For almost an hour I have seen that extraordinary sight

amid the hush of evening, and it has seemed to me the most glorious and divine of religious services that the soul of man could know.

The worshippers of Nature do not need to go far afield, for nothing is more wonderful than the sunset, unless indeed it be, on occasions, the sunrise. Then at night the mysterious heavens with "starry worlds strewn myriad," what sight can be more enthralling? The "silence of the infinite spaces" oppressed the soul of Pascal, and Kant said that two things struck him with awe—the starry sky and the sense of right and wrong in man.

It is possible that some may find even in the contemplation of a flower, or in the regard of a quiet landscape, the arising of deep thoughts, as in Burns's Daisy, or in Wordsworth's Tintern Abbey; and these moods help us to know the meaning of Kant, for all of Nature and of human life are inseparably linked together.

Those thoughts have come to me in the vision of primeval forests, lonely shores, the expanse of Antarctic worlds; for there we behold wondrous beauty, incessant action and, when we look closely, amazing energy of life, all remote from human will, hidden for untold years from human ken.

To lack Nature-sense on such occasions is to be devoid of reflection. The aspects of Nature even in her beauty are too terrible, were it not that a deeper faith is borne in upon us that here amongst things so wonderfully contrived, so evidently full of import, human life and thought and destiny cannot but be reckoned in the plan.

BEAUTY

THE test of all philosophies at length, the seal of Nature's benediction, is beauty.

"I love all beauty with a Pagan force."

With me this sentiment seems to come by direct impact. I see, I admire, I leap with enthusiasm; and all this without searching round for a motive, without requiring to reassure myself by some utilitarian argument—as that a statue looks quite sound in a Lord Mayor's banqueting room, or that very respectable people admire Hogarth's curve of beauty in a mid-Victorian sofa.

Beauty is itself a motive, an end, a triumph. It seems to me that this sentiment should enter into, interpenetrate, all our thoughts, and inspire every phase of the private and public life.

Beauty is the final seal of the perfection of the thing, of the truth of its principles. One sees that in the living beings that have attained the highest energy of their kind, in the swift-flying birds, in the leopard and the tiger.

If there be ugliness, there is imperfection and—if we required to make the plea on business terms—some sort of inefficiency.

One can see that even in the development of the aeroplane; there is a great difference on the score of attractive appearance between the lumbering shed on which Farman flew the first kilometre in Europe and the monoplanes that soar aloft at the height of a thousand metres and fly one hundred and twenty miles an hour.

Often I feel singular in that natural but passionate love of beauty, and I search in history to console myself for my refusal to accept the standards of ostentatious luxury, of eating and drinking, of money in the bank, of garish shows and pompous titles, the "baaing vanities" for which men sell their souls.

The Greeks, of all people, seem to have felt that sense of beauty so keenly that it became a driving force even of their political lives. The fragments of Greek sculpture that have come down to us are still the wonder and the despair of the artistic world. The Greek poets made the love of beauty the motive of great poems.

This sense of beauty was highest also when the Greek intellect had reached the splendour of its development. Greek minds, by the ideas they had irradiated, were destined to rescue the world from the welter of the brutality and ugliness of the Dark Ages which had submerged their culture.

Where else in the world do we find that strong conception of beauty?

In the poets two, above all others, have the direct, warm, true feeling for plastic beauty—Camoens and Keats. Both derived so directly from the Greeks that they were like Greeks themselves. Of others, Milton

stands out remarkably. Milton's style is portentous in the most impressive, but weakest, part of his "Paradise Lost"—what might be called the architectural framework and scenario of that improbable epic; but in the interludes, those parts which glow and throb with vitality, there we find the Milton of the Italian tour smitten with the love of graceful form and sunlit beauty. Byron in his bright, apprehensive genius, and Shelley in elusive style, both also manifest the enthralling influence of beauty's plastic shapes.

Of the modern artists, I find Albert Moore, with his one immortal woman painted in slightly varied forms, and Carpeaux with his wonderful group of the Dance, the truest representative of the cult of plastic beauty. Carpeaux's Dance, which adorns the façade of the Opéra in Paris, gives not only the sense of graceful roll and sway in each of the figures, but it has impressed on the group as a whole a delightful movement of harmony.

Whenever I visit Paris I make a pilgrimage to that shrine; it is worthy of the Greeks themselves. Yet, on one occasion, when I showed this masterpiece to a distinguished American journalist, he admired, then he turned to the other side of the façade, where stands a figure such as could be turned out as a pattern by one of the sculptor's Italian workmen. My friend put both works on the same level.

This to me was a blow; my thoughts ran from point to point until finally, in my search for standards, sure guides of goodness or badness, of ugliness or beauty, I came to question the intentions of—yes, even of the Deity.

This incident had not come alone, be it remembered, but had occurred amid a hundred in which I had seen great work neglected and something tawdry extolled.

It is true, as I look at it closely, that though I began by contrasting beauty with the utilitarian model, yet the appreciation of beauty becomes modified, and rightly so, by experience of the useful. After a course of anatomy I looked, even in the beauty of woman, less for conformity to a classic type than for free and healthy development and harmonious proportioning of parts. A pinched waist, a foot too small, seemed to me ugly.

I looked to a nose that could provide a good air-passage and support the setting of the other features, not necessarily a classic nose. My friend, Rodin the sculptor, used to say that any woman—a Japanese, a Red Indian, as well as a Circassian—might be beautiful if she represented a pure type brought to fine development.

Look, then, at the sound elements that produce beauty—health, exercise, truth, energy.

The beauty must be wrought out from the inside; the lines must be well and truly laid; the skeleton must be a frame of beauty.

It is true, and instinctively I have found it regrettable, that high beauty may go with low character. Even among racehorses a beauty is often a cheat. Here, however, apart from the external form, there are other elements—the health and strength of the fibres. In the social world, moreover, there are the accidents of unfair conditions of life.

The Greeks, who admired Alcibiades, suffered for

their admiration by reason of the hapless adventures into which he dragged them. Even at this distance of time I feel sorry that Alcibiades had not better disciplined his soul and trained his mind. But when I look round the world of to-day, I can cite some conspicuous examples of men who have led us into worse adventures, without offering us much compensation in the shape of physical beauty.

Therefore I content myself again, and I accept beauty as an immediate boon, and love it for what it is.

When I close my eyes and seek consolation, I do not wish to remember pompous ceremonies, nor evenings in what is called Society; I close my eyes and see Frank Hewitt running, or Pavlova dancing.

Cultivate beauty; the incentive and the award are both in one.

POETRY

FROM beauty to the expression of beauty is but a step, and that step leads us to poetry. The poet is the historian of beauty.

Poetry to me is one of those words that sound their note through all the fibres of the being. All that is worth living for is the poetry of life. But poetry! I say; poetry, not necessarily verse, for if poetry be an inspiration, verse-making has become a trade, a guild trade at that, amalgamated in a vertical trust with log-rolling.

If therefore I feel,

"One golden hour of poetry I dream,"

I add on reflection, let us see also how this strikes the plain, good man. . . .

Poetry, we are told, is a glut in the market. The budding journalist makes his mark by laughing at the Spring poets. Grave personages like Sir Isaac Newton declare: "Poetry is a sort of ingenious nonsense." The purse-proud bourgeois sniffs with disdain at the poor poet. Poetry is not a trade that "nourishes its man."

Against this contempt of the poet I beg to raise

a qualified protest. At the outset I make great concessions to the bourgeois and to Sir Isaac Newton. Most writers when they feel the call upon them to write in verse, put on a strange manner; they write in spasms, they speak in a strained voice, and under cover of the licence of poetry, they contrive to talk abundant silliness. No wonder then that, as an editor once told me, some people are incapable of reading anything that is cut off short into even lines.

And yet, withal, poetry seems to me the finest expression of the human mind. There is no great truth that does not express itself in poetry. Poetry is the natural pouring forth of the emotions in a moment when the vision is clear, when feeling is intense and vivid in the wonder of its stress, and when the ideas come carried in on streams of rich association.

Poetry should be expressed so as to be sung or chanted. This rule is not universal, for some poetry, true and great, appeals to the picture sense, or to a kind of contemplative appreciation. But let us take a song:

> "And for bonnie Annie Laurie
> I would lay me doon an' dee."

Now put this in the language affected by the stiff and formal vestryman type: "Deponent declared that he considered Miss Laurie to have a prepossessing appearance. In reply to a further question, he asserted that if it would benefit the young lady he would be prepared to commit suicide."

The effect is not the same. This little travesty shows that in the matter of expression it is the bour-

geois who is the sophisticated humbug; the true poet is the natural man.

Walt Whitman had something of this idea when he described the poet as having "habits like other men—an unstrange gear."

Poetry should be stronger than prose. Poetry, if true, should be free from the reproach, too often justified, of being poor food for men. Poetry may well have fibre, and strength, and depth, and soul, and meaning, and courage and impetus beyond the ruled and sophisticated expression of prose. . . .

Sometimes the idea has occurred to me, and as I play with it, it seems to gain force, that just as there is a breed of bulldogs, or racehorses, so there is a breed of poets. The true poet is a poet, even before he seeks an outlet in verse; he is a poet in his thoughts, his sentiments, his desires, his aspirations, his visions; he is a poet in his blood, in his bones, in his marrow; he is a poet as he looks, as he stands, as he walks! Of these are certainly Milton, Burns, Byron, Shelley, Keats. . . .

Then there are others who practise scales and rules, and straighten their build with back-boards, and train themselves to utter correct sentiments with piping unnatural voices, or to play commercially upon the chords of patriotism, or cultivate some esoteric nonsense of mysticism or mystification. Most of these are Poet Laureates, academic poets, the Directors of Societies, or the pet lambs of literary coteries. . . . Oh, what a mitigation for the penalties of life it is to be able to say: "I have sinned, but I have waded through much correct and well-praised verse, and tried to understand, to appreciate, to

conform, to warp and bend and constrict my soul to the orthodox goodness that fits smugly into those little grooves of conformity, of fashion, subservience." . . . I revolt! No, by Heaven, save me from the tame poet! A tame bishop, a tame Chancellor of the Exchequer, a tame Prime Minister, a tame High Admiral—all these we know and endure; but a tame poet! No! Rather be covered by the scoriæ of the deepest Gehenna than to abide that outrage. . . .

And so I come to the true native poets again, and I find that even in technique, in the delicate, wondrous, cunning, magical weaving of verse, the whole is not to be summed up by the tests that can be taught in schools, of words, metres, rhymes, and assonances; but that there are qualities of association and of suggestion, of speeds, of momentum; subtle tacts that feel the pulse of emotion; of surprise; exquisite strokes; imagination; the fierce rush of passion; and these come by inspiration only.

One of the great adventures of my life was the second reading of "Paradise Lost," at a time of deep seclusion, which permitted me to see meanings hid before, and to feel the wondrous skill that alchemized words and gave to phrases texture, colour, movement and form—light and beautiful, or splendid in the rolling verse of flowered pomp.

And a still greater adventure was the first reading of Keats' "Endymion," when the magic and the deep meaning overswept me of the poet, the most divinely inspired of all the race of man.

Poetry! . . .

THE IDEAL

SET ideals high. Keep them steadfast before the eyes. Live for them; die for them. A man is only great, a man is only happy, if he can lift his aspirations, and direct his effort to something beyond himself—the not me—that yet represents his noblest moods and finest visions. A man's life is puny if his interests begin and end with himself—to eat, to drink, to make love; to eat, to drink, to die; to pass away like a withered weed. . . . The ideal redeems the mortal.

But select an ideal for which it is worth dying, and worth living. The ideal should be real, true, irrefragable. Hitch your wagon to a star, by all means, if you are sure that you can do better work in the interstellar spaces than in the narrow limits of earth and such circumscribed orbit as it offers.

It is necessary to speak with emphasis here, for with most people, even with the sages whose teachings have been handed down to us as something precious, the ideal is regarded as something high and unattainable, fantastic in its unreality and incapable of supplying a great motive of life.

It has become a fashion to deal with insincerities

and falsities in this matter. We persuade ourselves that we are living in a superior mood when we are bathing in an atmosphere of hypocrisy and lies.

It has become a sort of orthodox ceremony to pay homage to ideals, even the most far-fetched and impossible, to render a lip-service, and then to show how little they tell upon our acts.

In the whole lives of our moralists, their ideals have been the weakest and falsest of their teachings.

A little anecdote of Shelley has remained tenaciously in my mind, even though I have tried to laugh it out as trivial. As a boy at Eton he had to fight another boy. Shelley declaimed verses from Homer, and hurled strophes of aspirations and threats at the head of his opponent. This one said nothing, but soon after the fight began he hit Shelley in the wind; Shelley collapsed.

This story is sometimes weighed against the little brutal boy, but, in spite of my enthusiasm for the poet, it has always seemed to me to bring Shelley sharply to the ground. It has made me revise my appreciation of the poems themselves. If it was low and brutal to fight, why did he promise to fight, and threaten mischief in exaggerated verse? Having threatened, why did he show the discrepancy between his ideal and the reality? Why was that lofty ideal less to be defended than the other urchin's point of pugilistic honour?

I admire the boy Keats more for the very reason that having started to thrash a butcher's apprentice, he fought him to a standstill.

Carlyle, again, in his "Sartor Resartus" seeks to persuade us, with an extraordinary battery of humour,

idyllic charm and eloquence, that the highest mood of the soul is that of "Entsagen" (Renunciation).

Making abstraction of the style, I traced Carlyle's philosophy back to its German originals, and found the source in Fichte, who derives from Kant. Kant himself reached a high but impossible doctrine in his "Categorical Imperative," which the being must obey, even beyond the protest of instinct and reason.[1]

This ideal is but the translation into impressive phrases, metaphysical and false, of the little Königsberger's servile respect for the Prussian Monarchy.

Carlyle's own ideals, so highly pitched and overstrained as to be absurd, was compatible with prosternation before low material aspects of our social system. Ruskin and Tennyson displease me most of all, partly for that pretended perfection of purity and delicacy which made them patterns in every young ladies' school in England. They were both shallow men who lived within a narrow groove; they were both sycophants. From the sugared perfection of their little system of ethics, without reality, without sap, without health, comes the faint odour of the corruption of things.

Though saying this, I am not an iconoclast, nor slow to admire; for really the scope of my admirations would deter many from following.

I admire Abraham Lincoln when looking into a biography of Burke, couched in a vein of indiscriminating eulogy, he threw it aside with contempt.

That was not life he felt. He wanted to know the real motives, the real difficulties of the man. A

[1] Cf. "Psychology: A New System" and "Principles of Psychology."

great man rises truly greater when we know his weaknesses, his lapses, his baffled efforts, as well as his triumphs.

I know the faults of Burns, but I know that the clear, blithe air of his verse, the manliness, the courage, the honesty of the man, are worth more than all the Mid-Victorian furniture of pretty affectations and false morals in veneer.

I know the faults of Byron, so that Astarte does not disquiet me; but there, in that wayward, baffled being, I see also one of the bravest, most generous and soaring souls of all time. Byron, be it remembered, was ostracized not for his faults, but for his virtues.

Our formal academic philosophers have taught us little better than our correctly etiquetted academic poets. A philosopher simply reflects the opinion of his time, unless his analysis pierces down to the foundation of things, and his thought be marked by clearness, depth and integrity. But the analysis of the ethical teachers has been imperfect and the thought circumscribed and partial.

In all this, do I want to belittle goodness and destroy ideals? No, on the contrary, I want to save the ideal; I want to demand for it a service that shall be fused into our very fibres; and for that reason I demand that the ideal itself shall be not only high but true, able to stand the severest tests of reality.

Why, even the sciences, coldly material as they seem to some—geometry, for example—stand that test. And if in reading geometry we find that by a series of arguments, good in themselves, we are brought to an absurdity—the *reductio ad absurdum*

of the school-books of Euclid—then we turn our backs on the supposition with which we departed; we know then that it is false. And by holding to such simple principles we finally arrive at building great bridges, and ships, and devising wireless telegraphs.

But in morals we do not turn our back when we meet with absurdities; we gloss them over with high-sounding names of spirituality if, as so often, we find the falsity supported by powerful material interests.

One sees, therefore, how profound a shaking of established orders may be brought about by following a few simple principles of ethics.

If in any question of religion, if in the discussion of politics, whether of the extreme poles of Monarchy and Democracy we find false arguments, pretence, lies, then we should turn our backs upon all that is so affected.

The poets here have been greater than the formal thinkers; and greatest of all seems to me Keats. With him one finds an ideal, high and alluring but yet native to man, wholesome and sane.

We often hear men of coarse fibre and gross living scoff at the suggestion that the world is moved by ideals. The great European War made evident, amidst all its horror, and blood, and mud, how deep and vital is the hidden spring of ideals and aspirations, of great moral qualities that move the soul of man.

Millions went to slaughter even for false ideals; the great holocaust came in the cosmic order as a blast of sanitary fire. The more important therefore is it to erect true ideals.

Our ideals must be sane, they must be linked

with our realities, they must have sap, and savour, and refreshment; they must bring us consolation and strength; above all they must, all through, and in every part, stand the test of truth. Then we may die for an ideal; or do something better, and often harder—live for an ideal.

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